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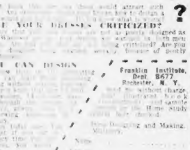

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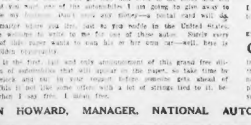

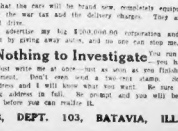

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1 Colonial panelled set of 6 nesting cups, 6 pieces.
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1 3-qt. lipped saucepan.
1 Colonial panelled covered pan, 8½ x 4½ in.
2 Colonial panelled salt and pepper shakers.
1 Colonial panelled tooth-pick holder.
3 Measuring spoons.
1 Measuring cup.
1 Sugar shaker.
1 Combination funnel, 3 separators, 3 pieces.
1 Colonial panelled doughnut cutter (8 pcs.)
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1 Set pudding moulds, 10 in., 6 pieces.
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1 Tea ball.
1 Lemon Juice extractor.

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American Weekly
Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, August 5, 1923
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PAINTED UNDER THE OCEAN

By Asa Cassidy

MANY persons have seen the bottom of the ocean through the crystal waters of the West Indies or Catalina Island from glass bottom boats, and have wondered at the strange and beautiful colors of the marine life below them.

But until Asa Cassidy, the well-known New York painter, went down in a Williamson submarine tube and studio equipment sixty feet to the bottom of the sea off Nassau, in the Gulf of Mexico, no one had actually painted while under the ocean the colors and shapes of things as they actually appear beneath the water.

Sunlight, filtering through sixty feet of water, reveals fish and rocks and vegetation in new values and shades, as the painting shows. Strangely, too, the outlines are not as vague as might be expected, for the water seems to take the red rays out of the light to some extent, and silhouettes thereby become sharper at short distances than they would be in the air.

Mr. Cassidy has shown only a few of the hundred varieties of fish that drifted past the thick glass of his studio in this Eden under the sea—grunts, squirrel fish, angel fish as vari-colored as birds of paradise; trigger fish, cow fish, pilot fish, the companions of sharks; yellow tails and the ferocious barracuda.

Then there were sea eggs—round masses of dangerous spines, and sea anemones, like chrysanthemums, with live, writhing petals, golden ochre sea plumes, purple sea fans and delicate sea ferns. And to complete the resemblance to the Garden of Eden—well, Mr. Cassidy has not shown the apple or Adam, but Eve is there.

To Save the Red Flamingo from Extinction

Nature's Most Picturesque and Most Brilliantly Colored Large Bird Reduced to One Remaining Colony of 1200 Which the Naturalists Hope to Protect and Save

To Establish Guards About the Last Remaining Village of Flamingos in the Bahama Islands, to Save Them from the Negro Natives Who Have Nearly Wiped Them Out

PHOTOS AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Interesting Reproduction of "Flamingo City" on Andros, Bahama Islands, and Photographs of Flamingos at the Various Ages of One Day, One Month, Two Months, Four Months and Full Grown Adult Flamingo.
—From Photographs in the Exhibit of the American Museum of Natural History.

Mamma Flamingo, Standing With One Leg on Each Side of the Nest, Feeding the Little Flamingo Baby With Its Dinner.

The Baby Flamingo Eating Its Own Egg Shell in the Mud Nest While Mamma Flamingo Is Primping Herself.
—From Photographs in the Exhibit of the American Museum of Natural History.

NATURE achieved her supreme act of graceful, aesthetic beauty when she produced the splendid, stately red flamingos. These magnificent birds of flame-colored plumage are the largest of all brilliantly colored birds.

Millions of these birds once inhabited the United States—but there now is not even one pair left in the marshes along our Southern Atlantic border. And of the other countless millions of these beautiful creatures in the West Indies Islands and the Bahamas there remains only one lone colony of the last survivors. There remain only 1,200 red flamingos in what has been called "Flamingo City" on the Island of Andros in the Bahamas.

It is to try to save this diminishing relic of the great flocks of flamingos that Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, is now on a visit to the Bahamas. The negroes have become very fond of the tender meat of these big birds, which are easy to kill, and they have reduced this last remaining flock in the past few years from 12,000 to the little remnant of 1,200.

When Frank M. Chapman, the distinguished American naturalist, made his famous expedition for the American Museum of Natural History to the Bahamas nineteen years ago in search of the flame-colored flamingo, he not only discovered certain facts about the birds which had remained obscured in myth and mystery since classical times, but he started them on the road to extinction, as he himself sorrowfully admits.

Until his coming the negro natives of the islands had been afraid to penetrate the marshy interiors where the flamingos dwelt. But after it became known that Chapman had actually lived in the midst of a flamingo city of 2,000 inhabitants, superstitious fears were dispelled, and before he left the Bahamas a dozen gangs of negroes had begun to hunt the birds, whose young, especially, have been considered table delicacies for centuries.

The Bahama flamingo is the only known North American variety; one other variety lives on the shores of the Mediterranean and two in South America. The flame-colored flamingo had been numerous in Florida, and on the Bahamas and the Galapagos islands. But it is an extremely shy and sensitive bird, and with the increasing population of Florida, had deserted our shores for the Bahamas, in the time of Chapman's expedition. It is an extraordinarily ancient bird, according to ornithologists, and is believed to have lived around the north and south poles in the Tertiary period, millions of years ago, when the poles had tropical climate.

There are two peculiarities of the flamingo that the ancient Romans noticed, and which were never fully explained until Chapman observed them.

Their bills are unlike those of any other birds, both in shape and in articulation. They are sharply convex, and contrary to the rule, the lower half of the bill is immovable and it is the upper half that moves. Furthermore, their nests are a peculiar construction of mud, a foot or more in height.

In 1669 the French scientist, Dampier gave what he thought was an explanation of the nest. The long-legged birds straddled the nest, he said, and built it high for reasons of comfort! Not until Chapman's expedition did the true reasons for both bill and nest become known.

The construction of the bill and that of the nest are fine examples of the power of adaptation which nature has given to living creatures, and it all hinges upon the fact that flamingos eat only one article of food, a small spiral-shelled mollusk, known scientifically as Cerithium. It is the sea-snail, or cluhshell.

The Cerithium is found in abundance under the mud of sea marshes and particularly in the shallow lagoons and swash-channels of the Bahamas. That is one reason why the flamingo has there made its last stand.

Since the "hippos," as the Cerithia are known in the Bahamas, are found under the water and mud, the flamingo's bill has been adapted to digging them up. When it feeds, the bird actually stands on its head. Its long, snake-like neck is twisted and bent until the top of its skull is downward and the tip of its bill points to the rear between its legs. The head sinks under water and the bill opens and grasps a mouthful of mud, water and hippos.

Then the upper half, now downward, moves rapidly, forcing jets of water and mud through sawtooth strainers at the sides and leaving the shells. It is obviously better for the upper half of the bill, in this inverted position, to be the moveable portion.

Naturally the birds nest as near their feeding grounds as they can, and this means that they must build their nests in places where the water is apt to rise quickly. And that is the simple explanation for the cones of mud in which they lay their eggs. They do not straddle them, as Dampier thought, but curl up on them much as other birds do while nesting.

In the Spring of 1502 Chapman started from Nassau to Andros in a sixty-foot schooner manned by negroes. The voyage from the start was unsuccessful. All he found was eight groups of nests in a one mile radius, but they were old nests, almost crumbling to pieces.

Chapman left Andros, after paying a negro named Peter Bannister to watch for signs of a large colony.

Two years later he was in the United States, when he got the message from the faithful Peter. The birds were colonizing and breeding!

Again Chapman went to Andros. The birds, Peter said, were far inland, in the marshes and lagoons that thread the island. Out of the five or six thousand negroes on the island—there were only twelve whites—Chapman had a hard time persuading a sufficient number to accompany his party up the creek in rowboats.

The negroes practised a variety of Voodooism and lived in mortal terror of a being called "Jumby," whose headquarters were in the very region where Chapman proposed to go! No wonder the flamingos had settled there!

After some very difficult navigation the party at last drew near the particular marsh described by Peter Bannister. And there, in the distance, were the flamingos, thousands of them.

Chapman, reconnoitering, crawled within three hundred yards of the flamingo city, as he called it. Suddenly one bird looked up and stared. Then he uttered a goose-like honk and stepped off his nest.

With another honk the leader sprang into the air, stretched his legs and neck and flew away, the rest following in single file. In the distance they made a thin pink line against the clouds.

Chapman was afraid they had been frightened away never to return. Meanwhile, however, he examined the site of their nesting ground. There were more than a thousand nests in that one city, he found. The nests were about 22 inches in diameter at the base, by 14 inches at the top and were thirteen inches in height. The depression in which the single egg lay was never more than an inch deep. In some nests the fledglings lay, deserted by their parents.

There was never more than one egg or more than one fledgling in a nest—which disproved another old theory that flamingos laid two eggs to a clutch.

Then Chapman constructed a blind of an umbrella and bushes thirty feet from the edge of the city and, with a camera, hid himself to await the possible return of the flamingos. After hours of waiting the pink line appeared in the sky and the flock returned. As they came back to their nests he could see the yellow eyes of those near him.

Walking to their nests, they touched the eggs of the young birds with their bills, and then honking to each other, squatted on top of the mud cones. Safely nested, they slept with their heads tucked into the feathers of their backs, or fed in the mud at the base of the nests. The male and female took turns on the nest, Chapman found, relieving each other late in the afternoon and early in the morning.

Chapman managed to move the blind to the very centre of the city and sat on a deserted nest. The uproar, when the birds returned, was terrific, but it served to conceal the click of the camera.

As they hovered in the air before alighting he could see plainly their curious manner of flying—in its effect like that of no other bird. Stretched out to their limits, their small wings are halfway between their bills and tails, and it seemed as if they could fly backward with no less difficulty than forward. Then there was a serpentine motion of head and body as if they were crawling through the air or swimming the trudgeon stroke.

The birds recognized their own offspring readily, he found. If a young one, trying its legs, lost its way, the nape of its neck was pinched by every old-timer near whose nest it wandered. In this way it was kept on the go until it reached home.

The young stay in the nest for three or four days after hatching and are fed from the bill of the elders. Their parents eat the Cerithia and regurgitate what is practically clam-broth drop by drop into the bills of the young. For their second meal the youngsters sometimes feed each other bits of the shells of the eggs from which they were hatched.

They pick up this shell in the ordinary manner, without standing on their heads, for not until they are three weeks old do their bills assume their final convex shape. By this time they are dressing for Cerithia like the adult flamingos.

When flamingos search for Cerithia they loosen them and bring them nearer the surface by treading up and down. Chapman remarks that they literally dance a jig with their heads under water, and that this is the only undignified movement they make.

When he captured some young ones and fed them rice in a pan of water they trod the grains up and down just as though the particles were Cerithia and then stood on their heads to eat them.

Flamingos begin to lay early in May and the period of incubation is several weeks. The young are born covered with a buff-colored down. In a month they have grown a second downy plumage slightly darker in color. At the end of two months the down has changed to brown feathers. It is not until October or November that the mature pink or red plumage has appeared.

The birds in building their nests tread the mud with their feet and work it to the proper consistency and then, with their bills, add to the height of the nests.

On his return to Nassau Chapman heard of the parties organized to raid the nests for the young. He spoke to the British Governor of the Islands, and at the next session of the Legislature a bill was passed to protect the birds.

But, like many other prohibitions, it failed to work. With so few white people on the island of Andros it is not surprising that the slaughter continued, for fresh meat is very scarce on the islands.

Not only does this work havoc with the flocks as to infant mortality, but it is thought to have scared away some groups entirely. Where they have gone is not known.

The National Association of Audubon Societies has established bird sanctuaries in several parts of the United States, and that is what Mr. Pearson hopes to do in the Bahamas.

It is not likely that any attempt will be made to bring any of the Bahama birds to our sanctuaries, for they are too delicate and shy for handling.

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End of the Love Tragedy of Europe's "Unhappiest Princess"

Deprived of Her Father, Old King Leopold's Vast Fortune, Her Romantic Lover a Cripple, the Once Alluring Louise of Belgium Begs Shelter from Her Haughty Sister

The Notorious Baroness Vaughan, to Whom Old King Leopold Left His Vast Fortune, Cutting Out Princess Louise and His Other Legitimate Daughters.

Count Mattatich, the Young Hungarian Officer, Who Rescued Princess Louise from Her Asylum Prison.

The Princess Louise of Belgium at the Time She Fled With Count Mattatich from the Unbearable Brutalities of Her Husband.

The Former Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria, Now Countess Lonyay, With Whom Princess Louise Has Sought Shelter in Her Last Misery.

"With remarkable strength and great heroism Count Mattatich climbed to the window of Princess Louise's asylum prison in the dead of night, lowered her to the ground with a rope and then helped her over the asylum walls."

VIENNA, July 23.

PRINCESS LOUISE of Belgium, the oldest daughter of the late notorious King Leopold, has reached the last stage of her long love tragedy.

Her devoted life-long lover, romantic champion and solitary defender, Count Mattatich, is a ruined man and crippled wreck and she has been forced to accept a shelter from her sister, the Countess Lonyay, formerly Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria. Louise is a pauper and her once lovely figure has been quite broken down by her unparalleled misfortunes and sufferings.

When Louise entered Princess Stephanie's home with downcast head, she tasted the dregs of her cup of humiliation, for her frivolous sister had refused to give her any help when she was deprived of liberty. The Lonyays are themselves in straitened circumstances as a result of the war, but they are willing to give a roof and a crust of bread to the tragic Princess.

Princess Louise has now capped the climax of her career as the unhappiest Princess in Europe. She was united in marriage by her family to a monster she loathed, her son was killed in a dreadful manner and her own daughter turned against her.

She ran away from her husband with an obscure cavalry officer, was seized and imprisoned for years in a series of lunatic asylums. She escaped with the help of her gallant lover and defied the kings of Europe.

Then her unspeakable old father died and left only a small sum of money to be divided among his three daughters, the Princess Louise, the Princess Stephanie and the Princess Clementine.

The rest of his vast private fortune, estimated at $60,000,000, he left to the Baroness Vaughan, the companion of his later years, a woman of the lowest origin, and her two children.

Princess Louise and her sister, Stephanie, began a suit for their share of their father's property. The Princess Clementine, who had always lived in Belgium and had received some consideration from her disreputable father, refused to join in the suit. After a few years of litigation the Princess Stephanie dropped out and left Louise to go on alone. She pursued the struggle in the courts of France and Belgium until her fortune was exhausted.

The great war found her in southern Germany. As a born Belgian, married to an Austrian subject, she was treated as an enemy by both Austria and the allied countries. The few remnants of property she possessed in Austria were then seized.

These are but a few brief outlines of the astonishing misfortunes which have befallen this Princess. If a work of fiction should describe a life as strange as hers it would be condemned as outraging reason and probability.

The Princess Louise's misfortunes began when as a child of seventeen she was married to Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, then a man of middle age, but old in wickedness. The Princess's father and mother forced her into the marriage because the Prince not only possessed the necessary rank, but was immensely rich.

Prince Philip belonged to a North German reigning family, but settled at the Austrian Emperor's Court in Vienna because that city offered more opportunities for dissipation and sensual enjoyment than his native state. He was a man who had reduced sensuality to a science and excelled in every imaginable kind of self-indulgence.

Princess has given in a recent book one of the amazing experiences of her married life. She speaks with remarkable frankness of the wedding night, when her husband revealed himself as even more gross and brutal than she expected him to be.

"I am not," the Princess writes, "I am sure, the first woman who after having lived in the clouds during her engagement, has been as suddenly hurled to the ground on her marriage night, and who, bruised and mangled in her soul, has fled from humanity in tears.

"I am not the first woman who has been the victim of false modesty and excessive reserve, attributable perhaps to the hope that the delicacy of a husband, combined with natural instincts, would arrange all for her, but who was told nothing by her mother of what happens when the lover's hour has struck.

"However, the fact remains that on the evening of my marriage at the Chateau of Lacken, while all Brussels was dancing amid a blaze of lights and illuminations I fell from my heaven of love to what was for me a bed of rock and a mattress of thorns. Psyche, who was more to blame, was better treated than myself.

"The day was scarcely breaking when, taking advantage of a moment when I was alone in the nuptial chamber, I fled across the park with my bare feet thrust into slippers, and, wrapped in a cloak thrown over my nightgown, I went—to hide my shame in the Orangery. I found sanctuary in the midst of the camellias, and I whispered my grief, my despair, and my torture, to their whiteness, their freshness, their perfume and their purity, to all that they represented of sweetness and affection, as they flowered in the greenhouse and lit up the Winter's dawn with a warmth, silence and beauty which gave me back a little of my lost paradise.

"A sentry had noticed a gray form scurrying past him in the direction of the Orangery. He approached, and listening, recognized my voice. He hastened to the chateau. No one knew what had become of me. Already the alarm had been discreetly raised. A messenger galloped to Brussels. The telephone was put then in motion.

"I was scarcely seventeen years old, my husband had completed his thirty-first year. I had become part of his 'goods and chattels.' One can see also how he has treated me."

A few years after her unhappy marriage the courts of Vienna and Brussels arranged an alliance between Louise's younger sister, Stephanie, and the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. Princess Louise has told her intimates that her husband led the impressionable and high-spirited Rudolph into all kinds of adventures.

Prince Philip of Coburg aided the tragic liaison between the Crown Prince and the little Baroness Mary Vetsera. Then by underhanded insinuations to the old Emperor, Philip betrayed Rudolph and indirectly brought about the terrible and mysterious drama of Meyerling, in which the Crown Prince and his sweetheart perished.

Princess Louise charges that her husband led their own son, Leopold, into wickedness when he was a mere boy in his teens. Leopold died in the apartment of a notorious adventuress in Vienna.

Throughout their brief married life Prince Philip treated his wife with insult, humiliation, brutality and every kind of degradation that a depraved mind could imagine. Once he tied her to a bed and flogged her. In her sufferings she had frequently received sympathy and help from Count Gepa Mattatich, a dashing young Hungarian cavalry officer. Count Mattatich's long devotion to the Princess is one of the most touching romances of modern times.

Goaded beyond endurance by her husband, she ran away with Mattatich to the French Riviera. Prince Philip followed and fought a duel with Mattatich. The Prince was obviously incapable of using arms. Twice the Count fired in the air, while the Prince tried to send home a fatal shot. Prince demanded satisfaction, and received him.

The Prince's agents tricked the Princess into returning to Austria. There she was interned in a lunatic asylum, where she languished six years, while the Count was exiled on a false charge of [illegible]

After his release from prison [illegible] about rescuing the Princess from [illegible] She was watched [illegible] and subjected to hourly [illegible] again to drive her insane.

The Count climbed over the high wall of the asylum grounds twice, but his movements were suspected and he was [illegible]

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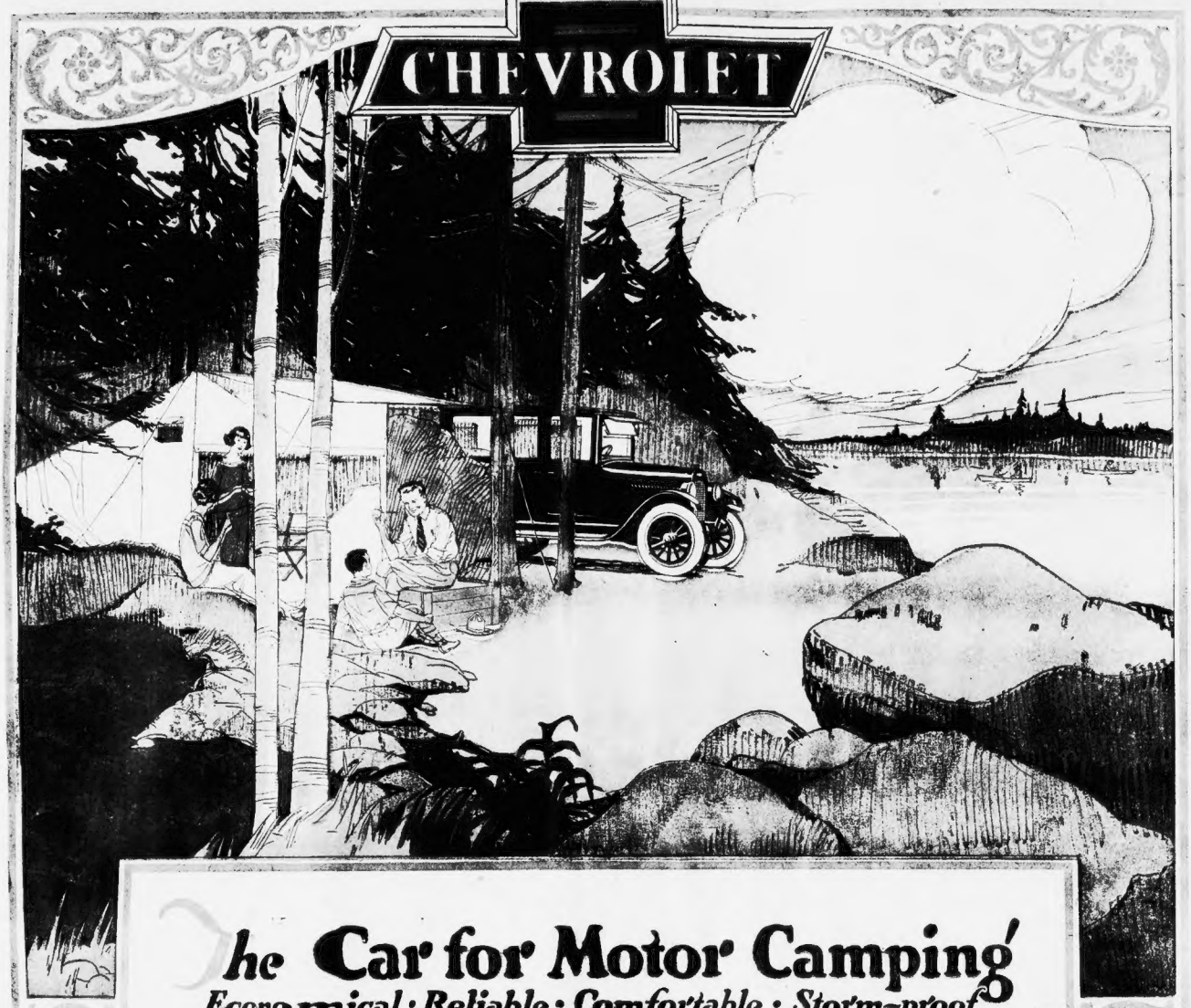

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International Newsreel Operator in the Jaws of Death

How the First and Now Famous Pictures of Trembling, Roaring Mt. Etna Were Taken in the Midst of Flames, Bombardment of Rocks and the Seething River of Molten Lava from the Convulsed Volcano

A House Being Overwhelmed by the River of Lava from Etna. One of the Famous Pictures Romagnoli Took at Risk of His Life.

Romagnoli Standing Beside His Camera After His Rescue.

Molten Lava Encircled.

Peasants Taking Their Goods Out of the Little Town of Linguaglossa, Which the Rivers of

Every Instant Threatened by Death, Heedless of Projectiles, Flames and Lava from the Volcano Raining and Creeping About Him, Romagnoli, the International Newsreel Operator Ground Out the Films of the Cataclysm.

MILLIONS of persons who saw the motion pictures of the recent eruption of Mt. Etna in the International Newsreel doubtless wondered how such photographs could be taken.

Before them on the screen, seemingly only a few feet from their eyes, rivers of lava engulfed houses, exploding stones hurtled toward them, molten rock rose in huge bubbles, burst, and shot upward in clouds of steam, and fiery columns from the bowels of the earth lit up the sky.

They could almost hear the hissing and booming of the raging volcano, feel its scorching heat and smell its sulphurous smoke. Altogether, they were viewing one of the most remarkable films in the history of motion pictures.

Behind that strip of pictures, almost terrifying in its realism, lies a story of heroism, of dogged devotion to duty, of intelligent courage—moral as well as physical—that has seldom been surpassed even in the annals of newspaper and newsreel cameramen, of whom nerve, skill and endurance are expected, and to whom heroism is an everyday affair.

For the operator who took these pictures stuck to his post forty-eight hours to get them—forty-eight hours of infernal heat and strangling gases and flying death that equalled in real life anything Dante ever pictured.

To get those strips of celluloid, with their record of a historical catastrophe, Umberto Romagnoli, staff motion picture cameraman for the International Newsreel, fought his way to the very brink of the crater, "set up" his camera and cranked away while people miles distant were fleeing for their lives. He held on, through a rain of death, until he had got his pictures.

Then he cabled his office, in New York: "Have shot Etna. Rushing film." Your true hero is always heroic.

Nor would the story of Romagnoli's feat ever have been told if it had remained for Romagnoli to do the telling. Like all those whose work lies with the news, it never occurred to him that getting the news is a story itself. It was only from Italian newspaper men and members of the search party sent out by the Italian Government—for Romagnoli had been given up as lost—that the details of his struggle in the jaws of death were learned at last.

Romagnoli had undergone the usual experiences of a cameraman—unusual they would seem to others—and as a soldier he had faced Austrian guns at the Piave. He had felt the earth tremble before, as huge shells landed in the Italian trenches and his comrades were smashed to bits beside him.

But these were the works of men, death-dealing, it is true, but, sadly, normal and understandable. And he could fight back and fling retribution on its red journeys.

On the slopes of the convulsed volcano he was defying nature in her most frightful moods, was facing the unleashed terrific powers of nature.

And he could not fight back!

Those who have hugged a muddy trench under shell-fire without returning it will understand the poignancy of Romagnoli's *feel*—the taking of punishment without *returning* it.

When the great volcano began to mutter and tremble and slowly awaken from its slumber, Romagnoli hastily left Rome for Sicily. He reached the foot of the mountain before the eruption had reached its worst point. There were threatening rumblings from "the devil that lives in the crater," but the peasants, as always, had refused to heed and were still cultivating the ash-fertilized slopes.

The roaring grew louder. Smoke and steam curled up from the cone. Lava, said the vanguard of the fleeing peasants, was beginning to flow from the summit.

Romagnoli set forth for the crater. Other cameramen started at the same time. But Romagnoli had planned to outstrip them, if not in speed, in daring and in the quality of his pictures.

He was going to descend into the crater if human life could survive the descent!

Hurrying up the slope, the daring cameraman reached the edge of the cone, where ragged valleys had been torn by eruptions since before the days of recorded history.

One of the most impressive spectacles ever seen by man met his gaze. The crater was a seething cauldron, a colossal boiling pot of molten rock that no Dore could have conceived or painted. Huge, angry clouds of smoke and steam belched forth, and long tongues of flame licked through them almost to Romagnoli's feet.

But there was no lava. And that, particularly, was what Romagnoli wanted to photograph—the molten rock that streams down the slopes to overwhelm all in its path. He circled about the crater in search of it.

To his surprise, he found that the side on which he had approached was the only portion of the summit free from lava. On all other sides it had begun its slow, irresistible advance.

And that advance Romagnoli photographed—for the first time in history.

Before the eye of his camera villages were engulfed. Houses disappeared under the smoking, slowly rolling waves. Forests withered under its breath, flashed up into fire and turned to ashes, and their ashes buried.

Romagnoli cranked on, a crude gas mask on his face. Below, thousands of people were fleeing. King Victor Emmanuel had rushed to the scene to supervise the relief work. Telegraph wires, cables, a network of electric flashes covered this world with the story—as it was unfolded to those below.

And above, in his little island where death had not yet reached, Romagnoli ground out foot after foot of epoch-making film. He ground until he had to quit because the creeping lava seethed only a few yards from him. He ground until it was on him—almost.

Above him jets of steam burst holes in the greasy and whistled into the thick, murky mass. Sharp flames thrust unexpected, soon crevices. The ground beneath his feet was almost unbearably hot. The volcano was boring a tunnel under him.

Romagnoli began the descent, twisting and turning and doubling to escape streams of lava. The mountain shook continually. The air was thick and foul and choking. He encountered a stream of lava, turned—and found another creeping toward him. He was surrounded, trapped! The island on which he stood narrowed rapidly. One misstep would mean death in that fiery flood.

Then it seemed that he must die before the lava reached him—strangled by the gases. He bound handkerchiefs and strips from his shirt over his mouth and nose, tore his clothing into rags and wrapped his feet to protect them from scorching, and kept up the search for a way out.

He was still searching when night fell—not night, but darkness shattered by the *red* glare from the *crater*. He could do no *more*. He was *facing* fate.

Annihilation might come *at* any moment. The *living* furnace might *steal* upon him *unaware* —or even if it *warned* him he could *not* evade it. The *earth* shuddered unceasingly and the gas billowed over him.

So passed a night that seemed an age. Dawn, scarcely less horrible, succeeded.

"Once more," said Romagnoli. "Once more, and then——"

Slowly, weakly, his precious baggage weighing a ton, he picked his way as best he could over the crumbling, roasting rock, between jets of steam and flame that rose higher than his head, jumping aside often, as a new jet burst through earth's tortured crust.

At last, after hours, he saw before him a boulder that had been cast up by the crater in times past. If he could only reach it he could obtain a better idea of his surroundings and map out a course—if there were any course left.

Another hour of painful crawling and the boulder was reached. Slowly he dragged himself up its side, hot to the touch. Wearily he lifted his camera, tripod and film case after him. Fearfully, lest he see death, he looked down the slope.

Then a cry of triumph burst from his scorched lips.

There was a path! The boulder had diverted the lava stream and left a narrow lane.

It was a lane of life—but it was a narrow one. The heat was all but unbearable, the footing treacherous; at any moment the lava might flow across the lane and cut off escape.

But Romagnoli dared it. He does not know just what happened, but he remembers finding himself free at last from the sight of the lava, utterly exhausted, but happy.

He could rest—the lava could not catch up with him for some hours. And he wanted to rest.

But the film! He must get his film off!

He staggered to his feet and looked off down the mountain again. A few feet he went, and then nature conquered, after all, and he fell, sound asleep.

It was there the rescue party found him, sleeping peacefully on the jagged volcanic rock, already warmed by the approaching lava. They had been seeking him for hours, and despairing, had given him up for lost and were returning when they stumbled upon him.

But Romagnoli would not rest.

"What is happening below?" he asked.

And when they told him the tale of the catastrophe he would not hear of quitting until he had filmed some more pictures. Despatching his precious film and the Lancode cablegram quoted above, he rushed pell-mell to the village of Linguaglossa, where the eruption was doing the greatest damage.

There, in the spot whence all others had fled, he worked for hours more, while all around him buildings caught fire or crumbled in the fierce glow of the advancing lava, or tottered and fell from the earthshocks that the explosions deep within the earth were producing.

The last detachment of carbineers, sent to guard against pillagers, was withdrawn, and when these left they literally forced Romagnoli to go with them. But a few miles from the village, the intrepid cameraman escaped and returned to the scene of the disaster.

Not until the last lava-tor had been driven out by the heat and the terror, not until his hair was singed almost entirely from his head, did Romagnoli leave.

He had covered his assignment. His pictures were the most complete, the most graphic, the most thrilling of all those taken during that horrible catastrophe, and the **first to arrive in this country.**

"A good picture," said Romagnoli, in a matter-of-fact way. "But it's my last volcano!"

That is what Romagnoli says. But if Etna erupts to-morrow Romagnoli will rush to the scene. For he is an International Newsreel operator, and where the news is, there is he!

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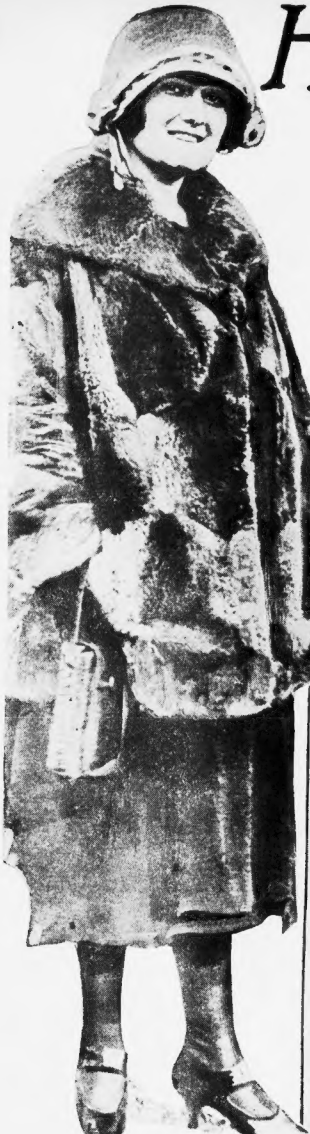
How the Wolves of the Underworld

Rather Startling Revelations of the New to Squeeze Huge Sums from Cannot Afford to Be Involved



Dolores Dixon in Her Fur Coat and Bag—a Typical Woman of the New York Streets, Who Brought Suit Against "Babe" Ruth and Then Withdrew Every Charge.

"Babe" Ruth, the Hero of the Baseball Diamond, Who Was Accused of Being the Father of Dolores Dixon's Child—a Notorious New York Woman He Had Never Seen.

Mrs. "Babe" Ruth and "Babe" Ruth's Own Baby, Dorothy.

William S. Hart, the Movie Star, With His Famous Pistols—But He Could Not Use These Weapons Against the Outrageous Attack on His Character by Miss Elizabeth MacCaulley.

OF the 200,000 professional criminals who live and operate in New York, none makes his living easier than the blackmailer—a cruel, relentless specialty of crime, but a very sure and a very profitable one.

But now and then the plans of the blackmailers go wrong; and so it happened when pretty Dolores Dixon recently attempted to squeeze "Babe" Ruth, the baseball star, out of $50,000 and the scheme failed.

And when Elizabeth MacCaulley brought William S. Hart, the movie hero, could be imposed upon she, also, guessed wrong.

So also when Egan Burrows Fontaine, the former "Follies" girl, fixed upon the sum of $1,000,000 as the amount she would like to shake out of young Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, she got touched up in a mess which may land her in prison.

Just what scheme was on to shake down the Philadelphia multi-millionaire, John Wesley Mitchell, when pretty Dorothy King was murdered in her New York apartment recently is not fully understood by the police, but it was one of the few of all the blackmailing schemes which went astray.

Blackmailing has been a highly profitable specialty of New York criminals for many years, but it has now taken on a rather new characteristic—a habit to be produced by the "injured woman," and this is regarded as an extremely valuable card to play if the case ever comes to trial before a sympathetic jury. Thus it was that a bogus baby was trotted out in the William S. Hart case and the Fontaine woman produced a mysterious child as a convincing argument against the rich Whitney son; and Dolores Dixon charged that "Babe" Ruth was the father of her expected baby.

The blackmailers of New York pick their victims with great care, and seldom make a mistake. When they find a pretty, empty-headed girl from the tenements, like Dorothy King, being draped with diamonds and money by a very rich man of high social and financial position, the game is not easy one to play. Mr. Mitchell with his business and banking connections and as a conspicuous leader in Philadelphia, New York and Palm Beach high society, could not afford to have a damage suit brought into court by an outraged woman.

All that was necessary for the blackmailers, in this instance, was to win the consent of Dorothy King to let them use her in a threatened legal proceeding against her rich admirer. And it was, probably, because of the poor girl's loyalty to her generous benefactor and her tender years and inexperience in New York's night life that the blackmailers found difficulty in persuading her to lend herself to their scheme. It was, the police believe, during an argument with some of Dorothy King's friends of the Underworld that the girl refused to be a party to their blackmailing plot and probably threatened to tell Mr. Mitchell what was going on—and in their rage and disappointment the blackmailers strangled the girl.

In such a case as Mitchell's things are usually quite simple. Most of the women of New York's night life are hardened battleaxes who are entirely willing to join the blackmailers for their share in the shake-down. And when a man of wealth and conspicuous business and social standing is caught in such a trap he usually pays rather than suffer the penalty of publicity.

The blackmailers play their cards with the greatest boldness, knowing perfectly well that they are in no danger of exposure or prosecution. And when the victim has paid, as he thinks, the price of his escape from rapidity he awakes to find that the blackmailers have securely in their grasp and that for the rest of his life he must pay a regular weekly or monthly blackmail to secure his safety. The blackmailer never relents—once a victim always a victim; once blackmail is paid, always blackmail must continued to be paid.

And thus it is that many of the blackmail rings of New York have regular payments from victims, very much as a retired capitalist lives his regular income from the rents of his different business properties or bonds. If Mr. Mitchell had been trapped by Dorothy King and her Underworld acquaintances and had paid, perhaps, $100,000 on the trap was sprung six months ago (if Dorothy King had not failed them), he would have been paying a regular weekly blackmail ever since of, perhaps, $1,000 a week.

Meanwhile the blackmailers would have turned their attentions to another prospective victim and after talking him for the original price agreed upon would have put him also upon a regular weekly payment basis. Thus in the course of time the blackmail ring finds itself collecting regular payments from a considerable list of old victims while the gang continue to canvass from time to time new victims—a very safe and a very profitable criminal specialty.

But the blackmailers do not always select men who are really entangled with a girl of the Underworld. Not all men of wealth or prominence have a sweetheart in the white light district of New York. And if such a man of clean character seems to be so established as a public character that he cannot afford to have the breath of scandal attach itself to his reputation—then the blackmailers deliberately build up a bogus case against him and proceed exactly as if he had been guilty of relations with the woman who makes the complaint.

Thus it came about that "Babe" Ruth was picked as a very promising prospect. He was a man enjoying a large income from his baseball work and from the sale of "Babe" Ruth baseball and children specialties. Ruth was the hero of the diamond and very close to the hearts of millions of admiring baseball fans. His admirers know that Ruth had recently married and had a baby and they liked to think of him as a man of clean life and happy domestic relations.

Weighing all these facts, "Babe" Ruth seemed to be a shining mark. Would he not rather pay a reasonable price to escape the publicity of a scandal, even though there was not the slightest justification for the charges against him? Dolores Dixon and those associated with her reasoned that Ruth would pay somewhere around $50,000 to escape the scandal—and the blackmailing suit was brought.

But "Babe" Ruth stood firm in his denial that he had ever seen or heard of the Dixon woman, and he ordered his lawyers to fight the suit. Ruth had been a little bit heedstrong in his words with the baseball magnates, he had been in trouble with Judge Landis, the baseball czar, and Ruth had been thinking more than he ought to. Thinking it all over, Ruth had made up his mind to behave himself a little better, and on the night of November 12, last year, Ruth and Christy Walsh, his syndicate manager, had given a dinner to the sporting writers of the New York newspapers. Ruth had invited these critics to tell him what they thought of him, and when they had finished Ruth arose, glass in hand, and said:

"Fellows, you've told me the truth. Everything you've said was the truth. Now I'm going to tell you something. I'm going to take this one drink with you—to show there's no hard feelings.

"And this will be the last drink for me until after the end of next season—October, 1923."

Babe Ruth had promised to behave. Through the sporting writers, he had promised the public to be what they expected him to be. He had bought a farm in Massachusetts; he was to spend the Winter there at hard, healthful work.

And after that solemn promise, as he stepped out of the Elks' Club, a man slunk out of the shadows and tapped him on the shoulder.

"George H. Ruth?"

"Yes," said the "Babe," pleasantly.

"I hand you a summons in the case of Dixon against Ruth," said the man, thrusting a paper in Ruth's hand and sliding away into the shadows again.

Suit? Trouble!

What it was all about he didn't know—but it was a lawsuit, and that meant trouble. Just after he had promised to behave! What had he done? And when, a few days later, Lawyer Feinberg arrived upon him Miss Dixon's complaint, Ruth was more disheartened than before.

The sporting writers had scolded him because he failed to keep in condition. That was a reflection upon his efficiency, upon his honesty in giving the public his best efforts.

Dolores Dixon's charges struck at a more vital spot. They were a reflection upon his morality, upon his decency as a man and a husband and a father.

"At all times hereinafter mentioned the plaintiff was and still is an unmarried woman," began the complaint of the Dixon girl.

"During the months of July and August, 1922, the defendant with force and violence, ill treated the plaintiff," it continued, charging that the plaintiff, Miss Dixon, expected to become a mother, had "suffered in body and mind," and wound up by demanding damages in the sum of $50,000.

More than $50,000 was at stake here. William S. Hart quit the movies. Would Ruth have to quit baseball? Would the man who, a baseball magnate asserts, has established the American League and earned $2,000,000 for it in four years have to drop out in disgrace because a girl accused him of immoral conduct?

Would it not be better to buy silence? It would cost money to fight; even if he won there might be a bad taste left in the mouths of the public. But Ruth decided to fight. He was innocent; he would prove it.

"I thought they were just trying to get a settlement," said Ruth's lawyer, Hyman Bushel, "for they kept asking extensions of time. It wasn't until February 24 that I got the complaint. And until that time neither Ruth nor myself knew what it was about."

The address given by Miss Dixon was at No. 583 Riverside Drive, which was also the address of her recently appointed guardian, Barbara V. Escoe and the latter's husband, Gus Escoe.

But when Lawyer Bushel sent private detectives, of the Dunnick & Riley Bureau, to make an investigation, they found that the Escoes and Miss Dixon had moved. They learned other and more important things, however, when they questioned employes of the apartment house.

There were nightly parties, the employes said, with as many as ten male guests at a time. The parties lasted until four o'clock in the morning. Once Dolores Dixon staggered out of the Escoes' apartment and insisted on giving the elevator man a drink, they said.

Another girl, known to them as Dottie Dixon, lived with the Escoes at one time, the employe said. She and Dolores had often been alone in the apartment with men whom we will here call Walters and Walker—the real names being something else.

Having learned the name of the concern that moved the Escoes' furniture, the detectives found that they and Dolores had moved to an address on West End avenue.

They now had several definite objectives. They wished to find out who and what Dolores Dixon was; who and what were her guardian and her husband; who and where was Dottie Dixon.

Their observations consumed a vast amount of time. There were daily reports as to when the Escoes and Dolores Dixon telephoned, and on the face of it the reports revealed nothing, but in reality the case against the Dixon girl was taking definite shape.

The detectives learned enough to demand from the superintendent of the apartment house an affidavit to the effect that "Walker" had hired an apartment for Dolores Dixon. Daily Miss Dixon telephoned the head bellman of a large hotel, they found, and by securing his confidence, the detectives learned the name and the whereabouts of "Dottie." They learned that Barbara V. Escoe's real name was Calhane, and where she came from, and a good many other things about her.

Then came a dramatic episode.

There was a large party one afternoon in the Escoes' apartment. The detectives lounged about the street and saw five or six men enter. The Escoes and Dolores were already there, they knew. What would happen? How could they observe it.

An anonymous genius solved the problem. Somehow, their reports do not reveal, two detectives secured pails, rags, life-belts—all the paraphernalia of window cleaners. They started to clean the windows of the Escoe apartment. Several men—among them Gus Escoe—were playing cards. Mrs. Escoe and Dolores Dixon served them drinks and play fully sat about on the arms of their chairs.

Then came a telephone call and Gus Escoe left the room. When he returned he seemed agitated. Motioning to Mrs. Escoe and Dolores, he drew them out of the room to a smaller room adjoining. Hanging on to a ledge, but keeping out of sight, the detectives saw Gus Escoe, Barbara Escoe and Dolores Dixon. The Escoes were talking in tones too subdued for the detectives to hear. Dolores Dixon sat despondently in a corner, not even seeing the wrathful glances directed now and then at her.

Then the conversation was resumed. Voices rose in fury. Here is part of the conversation, as noted in the detectives' report:

"Don't you know McChesney could be a witness against Dolores? What can you expect of him? You remember, Gus, you told me about Dolores and the other girl—Dottie—they spent money."

"I remember," Gus returned hotly, "how they spent the $10 Walker gave them the first week they spent with us. Don't forget that if he hadn't brought those two Dixon bums"—with a withering glare at Dolores—"to our flat and asked to make a home for them—paid their first week's board, we never would have met them."

"Didn't I tell you to kick them out after the first week?" cried his devoted spouse.

"You know I couldn't. I never could kick anybody out in the street," said noble, big-hearted Gus Escoe. "She's got a good lawyer, and I'd like to see the kid get a bunch of money." Turning scornfully from the lawyer, he has something up his sleeve that will knock them all when he pulls it."

There was more to the same effect, but the detectives had learned enough. They had learned that Walker brought Dolores to the Escoes' apartment before the suit against Ruth was started. They had heard for the first time the name of a possible witness to what they now knew was a plot. They must find McChesney.

Meantime, the detectives had found Dottie. She made an affidavit in the office of Hyman Bushel, Ruth's attorney. Parts of it are here presented for the first time.

But Dottie's real name which is not

(Continued on Next Page)

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Entrap Their Victims

Methods of the New York Blackmailers Prominent Men Who in Public Scandal

(Continued from Preceding Page)

"Dixon," is not revealed, because "Babe" Ruth asked that it be concealed.

"I never saw the poor kid," he said, "and I guess she always had a tough break, so why swing the axe? I feel much the same way about the Dixon girl. I don't believe she would have had the nerve, a kid like that, to do this job against me. When you read her history you'll see why I am sorry for her."

"My name is Jeanne——," the affidavit by the Dixon girl's chum "Dottie" begins. "I live with my mother at —— New York City.

"I read in the papers about Dolores Dixon suing Babe Ruth and that Hyman Bushel was his lawyer, and I am at his office to-day making this statement, after telephoning his office today I was coming up, and because my mother told me to come. I sent two letters to Mr. Bushel; one I didn't sign, and the other I signed 'Dottie,' and I said that was not my right name, but the name I was going under.

"I knew Dolores Dixon about four years. I met her in the Gerry society. By that I mean the Children's Court. I met Dolores Dixon the first time I was there. There was a baker across the street, and he gave me a check to sign the name on the back, and he gave me 50 cents. I was a child and didn't understand. They put me in the Catholic Protectory and I tried to choke the whole house down with gas, and they told my mother to come and take me out.

"I met Dolores Dixon in the society on Twenty-third street, under the name of Katherine Hogan. I never knew her before. I don't know the name of the officer who had charge of me there.

"I met Dolores next in the House of the Good Shepherd. She was there because of two boys, I think.

"I was there about six or seven months when she came up there. I had to go there because I ran away from home and didn't want to go to school. I was committed for a year and six months. I was born on October 26, 1904. I will be nineteen next October.

"The next time I met Dolores Dixon was last year at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street subway station, East Side subway. She told me she was living with her sister and that her brother-in-law threw her out of the house, and she asked me if she could come to my house to live. I said 'certainly.' She stayed about three weeks with us and then went away. Then she came back about three weeks later. . . .

"At my house she went by the name of Dolores Dixon. She said she lived with some fellow by the name of ——. She had a job as maid [illegible] the home of a relative of his.

"I met the men (Walters and Walker) one day in June last year when Dolores and I were on Broadway. They were in a taxi, and drunk, and stopped us. Dolores told one of the men a hard-luck story that she had no parents and no place to sleep, so they took us to a room and paid $10 for the first week.

"Dolores called up Walker and she told me they decided to take us to a house on Riverside Drive, and he would give us clothes and we could get a job. Of course, I believed it all.

"He took us over to Barby's (Mrs. Escoe's) apartment, 583 Riverside Drive. She wanted $30 a week. He told us he would pay our room rent—$30 for each of us. One day Mr. and Mrs. Escoe went out and left Dolores and me and Walker and his uncle (Walters) in the apartment. That was June last year. Dolores and Walker went in one room and I went in the other with the uncle.

"I never saw Walters after that, but I saw Walker several times . . . That was the last time he was there."

"Dottie" here says something very important but unprintable things about Dolores Dixon and "Walker." They are especially important because of the dates ascribed to them.

"Walker, when he left," the affidavit continues, "told us we would have to pay the room rent ourselves. So I went to Dolores I was going to leave. I left the Escoes' apartment in the month of August, 1922.

"All during July and part of June Dolores and I were picking up men, and they gave us money.

"All the time that I was up at 583 Riverside Drive with Dolores Dixon I never saw Babe Ruth up there. We had to pay Mrs. Escoe $15 a week. I didn't make much money so I couldn't pay $15 a week. It was hard for me. So Dolores brought me to a certain place on Broadway to a loft. . . . In July Dolores told me she thought she was expecting a baby. She said it was Walker who was responsible for her condition."

Here is the pitiful story—in part—of Dolores Dixon, to which "Babe" Ruth and "Dottie" refer. It is the earliest chapter of the downward career of Dolores Dixon, whose real name was Katherine Hogan.

Here is the record from the Children's Society from the report by Officer Kenehan September 7, 1919—the report of the girl's own downfall, as told by Katherine Hogan (Dolores Dixon) herself:

"I am now fifteen years of age, having been born November 12, 1903.

"On Sunday, July 20, 1919, I visited Clason Point in company with my cousin Molly ——. While there I met the man, Mr. ——, who was playing a game of chance, and I accompanied him on the Red Racer. Molly then went to Kane's Dance Hall with a girl friend of hers; Mr. —— and I took a car and rode to an undertaker's in the Bronx. I was introduced to a young man sitting on the stoop. They went to one side and whispered. Mr. —— said, 'You are looking good to-night, what have you been doing to yourself?' and I said, 'None of your business.'

"He said he couldn't take me to Jersey to-night, as he had promised on the way down, so we would have to get a room some place. The other man told him where he could take me, explaining that I was his wife. I told him I would not go. He told me that if I didn't want to sleep in the street all night I had better go there.

"When we got to that house the housekeeper argued a while and talked to a man in the house, and at last let us in. She wanted $2 for the room. . . ."

The rest is the usual sordid story—usual because it is a story of what happens to thousands of fifteen-year-old girls. Ashamed to go home, Katherine Hogan (or Dolores Dixon) spent the next day and night with the man, and the day following was deserted when he and a companion disappeared in a saloon and left her waiting for them outside. She then went to the police with her story.

Now detectives seldom reveal the methods by which they obtain evidence. In this case Lawyer Bushel is as reticent as the detectives.

But it is probable, at least, that under the circumstances "Walker" was informed as to how much was known about his part in the affair. And it is also likely that he saw exactly why it would be advisable for him to do as he was told. However that may be, a little group gathered one afternoon in a New York gymnasium and stood with their ears glued to a partition.

On the other side of the partition two men were talking.

The listeners were Hyman Bushel, a detective and a stenographer. The talkers were "Walker" and Gus Escoe. Here is the conversation, in part, as given in the detectives' reports:

"Gus, I sent for you to find out why you are back of this frame-up against Babe Ruth."

"I have nothing to do with the case of Babe Ruth, and I am not involved."

"Gus, you know you recommended a lawyer to the Dixon girl."

"I know. I didn't see any harm in that. . . . You know she was living in our apartment since June, 1922, and some one had to be appointed guardian."

"Well, why don't you have your wife give up the guardianship?"

"Why should I, when it looks like a sure case, and she will get some money—

"Well, you know you are drawing in a lot of people who shouldn't be mentioned." (Mr. Walker was probably thinking of himself at this point.) "You've got your nerve to go through with it when you know Mr. Bushel knows you are a dice-shooter and a card-cheater, Gus, I don't see how you can stick up for that dirty little Dixon girl. You know she has a record."

"I know she is a dirty little bum. She was continually talking about playing big shooters, and I took her word for it."

"That she was playing big shooters and getting money? Did you ever see Babe Ruth up in your apartment?"

"No, I never did see the Babe. I never seen him in my life."

"Did your wife Barby ever see him?"

"No, I don't think she did."

It will be remembered that the winstory of how Hyman Bushel got in touch with McChesney, won his confidence and got him to tell what he knew of the affair would fill a book. Suffice it to say Bushel succeeded. That affidavit was the last straw, so far as the Escoes and Dolores Dixon were concerned.

The affidavit, in part, is given herewith:

"Robert McChesney, being duly sworn, deposes and says: . . . I happen to know the whole thing was a frame-up. I occupied an apartment at No. 582 Riverside Drive. Miss Dixon and the other young lady were brought there in the Summer of 1922 by two men, who were introduced to me by the names of [Walters] and [Walker] as being uncle and nephew. For about two weeks these two were sweethearts of these two girls and paid their expenses, bought them a few clothes and left them a little spending money. After a few days the men did not show up and the expenses naturally stopped.

"Miss Dixon stayed on and through Mrs. Escoe's influence was introduced to a number of Mr. Escoe's friends who came there to play cards and shoot craps. These same men are better known as 'Broadway Boosters' and 'Dice Sticks.' One of the men took a sudden liking to Miss Dixon and on several occasions took her out. On these occasions she didn't return until the next afternoon, usually with a new hat or dress.

"When Miss Dixon, in September, 1922, said she was in a delicate condition, they took the matter out of her hands and decided to make a complaint against 'Babe' Ruth."

So much for the McChesney affidavit.

Lawyer Feinberg, for Dolores Dixon, had been postponing the trial of the case. So far only Ruth's accusers had been heard. But now Lawyer Bushel saw his way clear. In the Supreme Court he moved to examine McChesney because he was about to leave the State. When it came time to argue the motion before Judge Newburger, Mr. Feinberg moved to adjourn the hearing.

But when he was shown the McChesney affidavit, as evidence of what Mr. Bushel hoped to prove through McChesney as a witness, Judge Newburger declined to give an adjournment, and granted the motion for an examination to take place the following morning.

"And at three o'clock that morning," said Mr. Bushel, "Dolores Dixon's statement was handed to me, with the discontinuance of the case. That is why my client's vindication has never been made complete."

Here is the Dixon girl's retraction:

"I am the person who instituted the action against 'Babe' Ruth. This action was instituted by me without aid or intervenance or suggestion of anyone.

"I have authorized my attorney to discontinue this action after he stated to me that certain investigations disclosed certain information which I had not disclosed nor given to him.

"I hereby retract any charge that George H. Ruth, known as 'Babe' Ruth, seduced me.

"I retract any statement or claim that 'Babe' Ruth is the father of my child.

"(Signed) DOLORES DIXON.

"Witnesses: George Feinberg,

"Barbara V. Escoe."

Miss Elizabeth MacCaulley, Who Brought Serious Charges Against William S. Hart and Then Confessed That There Was Not a Word of Truth in Them.

"Usually there are at least four in the blackmailing ring. In the foreground stands the doll-faced, but stupid little adventuress, who is put forward as the lure, behind her, as her adviser, is the hard-faced woman of mature years, who has touched life at its lowest points of degradation, back of her, as adviser and instigator of the plot, is some crooked gambler or professional criminal—and back of this precious trio is always found a lawyer, who draws the papers with such professional skill that the hand of the law finds great difficulty in reaching him."

Evan Burrows Fontaine, the Dancer, Who Tried to Get $1,000,000 from Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney and Is Now Facing Perjury Charges Which May Land Her in Jail.

The Tell-Tale Photograph of Evan Burrows Fontaine and Her Husband, Sterling Adair, Which Upset Her Million Dollar Damage Suit Against Young Vanderbilt Whitney.

And that is where the matter has rested, until now. Mr. Bushel gave his information and affidavits to the District Attorney, but so far nothing has been done to bring the Dixon-Escoe gang to justice.

And now for the first time has been told the story of the blackmail plot against "Babe" Ruth and why it fell through.

The readers of this page have already heard the full story of how Evan Fontaine, the former "Follies" girl, tried to squeeze $1,000,000 from young Vanderbilt Whitney. Miss Fontaine realized the importance of having a baby to exhibit in the case. But where the baby came from is a matter of dispute.

And the story of William S. Hart, the movie hero, whose reputation was almost ruined by the bogus charges of Miss Elizabeth MacCaulley has also been told. Here again the woman in the case saw the value of exhibiting a child and she borrowed a baby from a Mrs. Lucy Welch, who lives in a Bronx suburb. Miss MacCaulley has confessed that she made her being a mother of an infant examined by the movie star. It was the wildest attempt at blackmail on record.

While [illegible] Hart were hanging in the balance, [illegible] gave an all-night [illegible] that a fake [illegible] "Follies" [illegible] Attorney perhaps awaiting [illegible] he could not prove the falseness of the woman's charges.

Few blackmailing plots are wrong, because the victims are either guilty or, if innocent, dare not risk the scandal which may ruin them in their business or their financial relations. Possibly Ruth's sweetheart would probably have paid his price rather than see him in the blackmailers. But "Babe" Ruth, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney and William S. Hart made a fight, upset the expectations of the blackmailers and won.

In his comments on his fight to save his reputation "Babe" Ruth has this to say:

"Not long ago a girl who had a jail record accused me of doing some very serious things and slung me in court. A lot of people advised me to laugh the affair up, but I didn't do what she said I did and I decided to fight it. I had been trimmed by some crooks before.

"I had an opportunity to settle this girl's case, but I spent twice as much proving I was innocent than it would have cost me to settle. I learned there was going to be an end to all these blackmailing schemes so far as I was concerned and I turned down all offers to settle. I went through with it. The girl dropped the suit in self-defense.

"A lot was printed about her charges, but not much about my side of it. I want to prove absolutely that I fought the thing to a finish and to show others that it is not necessary to submit to the extortion of blackmailers. My business as a ball player keeps me before the public, but I hope that my experience will show other men whose names come into print often that they can beat blackmailers just as I beat this wicked scheme against me, if they are innocent as I was."

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The Tragedy of My Life

Effie Pope Hill, 16, Who Married the Millionaire, Indulged and Loaded with Clothes and Jewels, Found Intolerable and It Would Have Been a Blessing

THERE is nothing so wickedly misleading as a popular maxim which is not true, and on this page to-day Mrs. Effie Pope Hill Alsop explains why she has discovered the utter falsehood of the popular proverb that—

"It is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

Miss Effie Hill, of an excellent Southern family, married an aged Washington millionaire, who was in his 80th year. The old man was desperately in love, generous and indulgent. How much better, then, to be this rich old man's petted darling than to be the bride of a younger man who had less money and less time to devote to her and had his precarious way to make in this world.

But the alluring picture of domestic contentment fades. Money and affection are not enough.

The marriage of a man of eighty and a child of sixteen is impossible of success for reasons which Mrs. Alsop explains extremely well.

Mr. Alsop presented her with $100,000 as a token of his affection. She spent $40,000 in one year for clothes alone. And the aged husband loaded her with jewels, trinkets and indulgences.

And yet her marriage was intolerable, and Mrs. Alsop asserts that her experience demonstrates that it is a thousand times better to be a young man's slave than the petted darling of a husband old enough to be her grandfather.

Tiptoeing Past Mr. Alsop, Who Was Asleep in a Chair in the Hotel Lobby, His Wife Crept Up the Stairs to Her Room and Packed Her Bags in Two Minutes. Sending Her Maid to Arrange to Have a Ladder Put Up to the Window, the Young Wife Crept Down and Jumped Into an Automobile and Escaped from Her Aged Husband.

By MRS. EFFIE POPE ALSOP

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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"SEE—see Effie. I've brought you a present. Look at it, my dear. It cost me a great deal of time and thought, this new present of yours. Take it, my child, and tell me if you like it."

Mr. Alsop held out to me a diamond and platinum cigarette case. It was filled with choicest cigarettes, monogrammed with my initials, under which the Alsop coat of arms gleamed richly in gold engraving. We were in my pretty chintz hung parlor at the Ritz, in New York. The time was three days after I had left my husband on the occasion I have already described, when I came upon him affectionately holding the hand of my friend. Of course, as I told my readers last week, I had worked very hard to inveigle Mr. Alsop before I finally succeeded in helping my friend ensnare him. But when at length he yielded I profited as I had hoped. For I had a good excuse to go away to New York. And in addition I had an excellent grievance to match with his in any future matrimonial difference we might experience.

Now before I go on I must explain that I have never been proud of this mean little trick I played on poor Mr. Alsop. It was very wrong in me to do this. To be sure, all my life as the darling of an old husband I had to suffer many things which were unjust. But since two wrongs never make a right I should have tried legitimate means of securing permission to go away and not such means as I took.

However, Mr. Alsop never knew by what connivance he had become a gay deceiver and so he hastened after me with a present and a promise, submissively playing the role of contrite sinner. He was then staying at the Waldorf while I was at the Ritz. The first morning of his arrival he called me upon the phone.

"Mrs. Alsop," sounded my husband's voice mockingly formal. "Mrs. Alsop, your husband is wondering if Madame would grant him a few minutes this morning."

I turned over in bed and spoke very nonchalantly into the receiver.

"Really you must excuse me to-day," said I, "my time is completely taken up." I smiled to myself at the feigned indifference of my tones.

The next morning we repeated the same little farce.

"Really," I replied, "I cannot see what you wish to explain to me. Your scandalous conduct in Washington with my friend needs no explanation. It speaks for itself."

"That woman lured me—she tempted me—and I had considerable wine for dinner," my husband urged tumultuously over the wire. "So I want to see you to tell you how it happened. Do let me come at once."

At length I allowed myself to be persuaded to give him an appointment for five in the afternoon. When he came I kept him waiting half an hour in my sitting room while I tried on new hats in the bedroom beyond. Ordinarily Mr. Alsop would have interrupted me, but on this occasion his late sin was heavy on his conscience. So he remained there humbly till I consented to receive him. My hat was on as I entered, and I took care to act the very cold and formal hostess. Mr. Alsop, however, would not be held off any longer. He scooped me up into his arms, and then he drew out of his pocket the diamond cigarette case and the special brand of cigarettes.

"Look, just take them in your little hands," he begged.

I languidly bent my head to inspect the present.

'Oh, darling," he besought, "don't be angry any longer. My little dear, you are more cruel than you realize."

"Edward, Edward," said I, "I don't like this way you have of trying to gloss over your sins with a present. Do you think the fault of an erring husband can ever be expiated by a diamond cigarette case, or monogrammed cigarettes? Oh, Edward—!"

He hung his head while I pressed my advantage.

"As I have told you before," said I, "hell is peopled with careless husbands. Ah, Edward, how can I ever again have faith in that passion for utter purity which you have always extolled? Edward, you are a hypocrite!"

"Oh, Effie," he begged after many words, "I don't know how it came upon me. She was sitting on the arm of my chair before I knew it. She set her cap at me regardless. She pursued me."

And at last I yielded with a final warning that my erring spouse must not feel he had made his own dark sin any the whiter by laying the blame upon the woman. Accordingly we were reconciled, and I consented to dine with my husband again if he would be very good. After dinner he begged me to join him at his hotel. I let him dangle for three days more, before I moved down to the Waldorf. Then he suggested that we better be turning back to Washington again.

"Oh, not there," I begged; "things always happen there. How do I know but you'll start up another affair with that old lady guest of ours who came to our dinner party in a wheel chair?"

My husband shook his head.

"Impossible," said he. "The poor girl died last week."

"Well," said I, "I think it would be awfully nice if we took that house of Governor Claflin's at Beverly Farms, in Massachusetts, for the Summer."

It was agreed, and so we moved almost at once. When I had joined the gay circle of Beverly young folks who rode from the very smart Myopia Hunt Club it almost seemed that at last things were going to settle down happily between us. And I so enjoyed my new friends. Among them that Summer I numbered Eleanore Sears, the well-known Boston heiress and sport-woman; Harold Vanderbilt, who was then paying Miss Sears much attention; Mrs. Tom Pierce, whom I knew merely in a riding sort of way, and Kitty Elkins, who spent a long Summer holiday that year with friends at Beverly. Kitty Elkins, as most everybody knows, has recently remarried her husband, William R. R. Hitt.

But my hopes of happiness didn't last long. The usual friction between Mr. Alsop and myself, which seemed inevitable because of the difference in our ages, broke out almost at once. He didn't like me to ride. That made me a "horsey" woman. And he hated horsey women. Besides, he didn't like my boydenish ways. He wished I would remember I was married to an influential man of affairs and would try for dignity corresponding to his.

Our disagreements on the score of dignity came to a head one day when I returned home dripping wet from having turned one handspring too many and landed in a country lily pond. As I shook out the coat of my drenched riding habit I beheld, in horror, the late Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York, and Mrs. Potter, who were on the veranda to greet the soaking mistress of the Alsop menage.

"I was trying to teach Harold how to do a handspring when I slipped," I explained to Mr. Alsop, nervously enough. He was outraged. But Bishop Potter was very kind, and after the introductions he took Alsop by the sleeve.

"Your young daughter, you said?" he asked.

"My wife," corrected Mr. Alsop, more angry than ever.

So I felt it was incumbent on me to do what I could to correct the impression the Potters must have formed of me. And since Mr. Alsop felt toward high churchmen somewhat as the average good woman in a country village feels toward the minister, my husband decided that we better ask the Potters over to a very proper luncheon.

"Honest, Ned," I promised him, "I'll be so nice and proper that Mrs. Potter will ask me to be a patroness at the Dowagers' Ball after the luncheon."

"I never heard of the Dowagers' Ball," said Mr. Alsop.

"Never mind," said I; "it's very stiff and proper, Neddy, dear."

And I was firmly resolved to cover myself with glory, and I would have but for an awful coincidence. It just happened that the day of the Potters' luncheon my new roadster arrived. And when it was unpacked in the garage I cried out in sorrow.

"Oh, it's gray—it's just drab gray, when I ordered yellow."

Dick, the chauffeur, thought it could be painted yellow in three weeks.

"I could never wait so long for such an important thing," I told him. "I'll paint that car myself."

So forgetting everything, I put on the chauffeur's overalls as soon as he had set out on a round of housekeeping errands for the cook, and started. Never was I happier in my life. Painting my car yellow was a labor of purest love. And I didn't get very much paint on my face, nor a great deal on my hair, though a yellow patch began to grow on my neck, where I raised my hands too often.

So I was busy and happy and oblivious until across my day dreams bulked out of nothingness a great dark cloud. In fact, three great dark clouds! I looked up, and then sense and feeling reeled. For there before me stood the company, the august and saintly company, as my husband's voice inquired in iceberg accents, "So it's here that you've been all morning?"

He was more angry than I had ever seen him before. He looked as if he could have cheerfully strangled me, and considered it a good work. I scrambled to my feet, upsetting a pot of yellow paint and revealing my overalls. Mr. Alsop was again outraged. Mrs. Potter did something very like raising her lorgnette to her eye, while the dear old bishop took in the fact that I was frightened to death and came to my rescue as well as he could.

"The little lambs, they frisk and play," said he, quoting an old Sunday School hymn. Then, in mock gravity he held out his hands toward me, as if to point a moral, "How doth the little busy bee!" expounded the kind bishop. But Mr. Alsop would not be inveigled from his anger.

"Go to your room, madame," he stormed at his eighteen-year-old wife. "To your room at once, and make yourself presentable for your guests. We will begin luncheon without you, but do not forget that your duty as a hostess makes it imperative that you join us as soon as possible!"

This was a rather stiff speech, unfeeling and inhuman, considering the difference in our ages and my really earnest intention to do just right in the matter of the Potter luncheon. So I went to my room and refused to come down, preferring instead to nurse my wrongs in quiet. And as I brooded there I told myself that this was all I had got when I became an old man's darling.

I thought of some of my schoolmates who had already married, even as I. Several of them were mothers. As I moped there in my room that long afternoon I felt even at that tender age the denial that was to be mine. I had always loved babies. But I was to be denied this rightful heritage of woman. For my husband was openly glad that we had no children. In fact, his one feeling toward them seemed to be the old feeling of jealousy.

"They would keep you from me too much," he would remark. "They would rumple up all your pretty dresses. Besides, think of the lawn! Children, my dear, are very hard on the grass!"

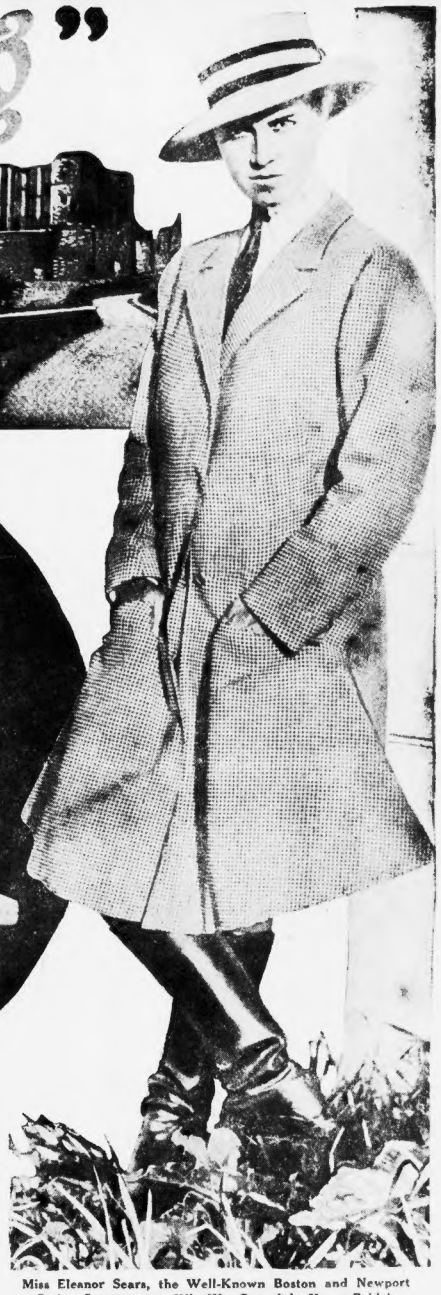
At length it came time for us to leave Beverly, though I put it off as long as I could. As we stopped

s "An Old Man's Darling"

re Edward B. Alsop, 80, Petted, els, Explains Why Life Was Thousand Times Better to e a "Young Man's Slave"

The Crumbling Ruins of Kenilworth Castle, in England, Where Old Mr. Alsop Unexpectedly Overtook and Captured His Runaway Wife

Attractive Photograph of the 16-Year-Old Child-Bride of the 80-Year-Old Millionaire.



Miss Eleanor Sears, the Well-Known Boston and Newport Society Sportswoman, Who Was One of the Young Bride's Friends During Her Summer Outing in Massachusetts.

t our old hotel, the Waldorf, the subject came gain.

'Oh, I hate Washington," I told Mr. Alsop at kfast one morning.

'Why, Pussy Cat?" he asked me, being in a very humor that day. "Why, my first wife was fond ashington."

'Oh, your first wife," I snapped, very pettishly, tired of hearing of her perfections. Besides, shouldn't she? She was old and homely. If hadn't had a fortune she'd never have got even or a husband. But I'm young—I'm only eigh- I know I'm hateful to say it, but I just can't the old fogies who are our sole company down ."

'We will go back there, nevertheless," he told roldly. "A wife's place is at her husband's side. where he goes—that is home for her."

was then that I announced my decision.

'Oh, all right," said I. "We'll go back, I sup- But to-day, then, I'm going to spend with my ds. I'm going out to luncheon and dance and and I won't take you along."

Pettishly I got ready and left, while my husband n his chair, moping and jealous. This was the when the tea dance was at its most popular. danced and had a cocktail or two, and at length rted out to meet another friend who had in- me for dinner. I forgot at what hotel she was ping, so told the driver to take me to several. At th we drew up before the Astor, where I was rised and shocked to see the man block my way got out, at the same time demanding his fare of dollar and seventy cents.

'But I'm not done with you yet," I told him, out- d.

ok-a-here, lady," said he. "You'll pay me if bill before I let you go. How do I know ll me back? How do I know you're not trying ne the slip?"

mbled, I hesitated, and then I decided that er give in before this distressing scene went urther. So I opened my pocketbook and found y horror that it was empty. In those days I m needed money, because my husband was al- about to pay the bills.

'Drive me back to the Waldorf," I told the man. e there and I'll send up to my husband for the ey."

'I'll drive you nowhere except to the police sta- ," the cabman threatened. "So at last you own ou haven't any money in that gold bag of yours? ought so. You're just trying to beat me out of ive, my fine lady, but you won't—you won't!"

Was ever a nice woman in such a dreadful pass? ung my hands in agony of hysteria.

And then a police officer ran up. I was speech- with shame and weakness as the cabman's talk wed forth.

'She's beating me out of my fare," said he. ell her breath!"

was weeping. The policeman actually let the drive me to a police station on the Sixties. And e they booked me as a fare-evader, although he time I was wearing thirty thousand dollars' h of jewelry. Of course, my husband came, in distress. And, of course, the judge of the court dismissed the charge, sharply reprimand- he cabman, whom he found guilty of overcharg- me. We could have pressed a charge against an, but it was better to forget all about it. Mr. was very patient with me at the time, but after r that night he shook his head as he read the asant newspaper accounts of my "arrest."

'You prefer New York," said he, "but it's events this which make me prefer Washington." Still' at terrible ordeal, he was very loyal to me. 'So ked at him dully, wondering how I was to take y burdens and live on with him, through all the riness. At length I made up my mind. I would him to go to Europe and that would put off the aboo of Washington.

'Darling," said I, "darling, why don't you and I ver to England for a bit? Why don't we—ah— all the famous places again—London and Paris —er—that home of your ancestors, Alsop Le ? Why don't we go?"

'Woman's place is the home," returned Mr. p. "The servants have had the house all ready us this fortnight."

started to my room, and then I made up my . I just would not go back to Washington. So up after Mr. Alsop had retired and tiptoed to elephone. It was after twelve then, but I had up my mind.

eserve for me two places on the first boat that I telephoned the desk. Of course, they ht the two places were for me and Mr. Alsop. informed me that the first vessel was the Ura- a sad old affair, plying between Brooklyn and dam. I always called it the Geranium.

"Never mind," said I. "We will avail ourselves of the Uranium.

So I clandestinely packed my things next day while Mr. Alsop nodded, and I hastily summoned the same friend who had so successfully used her arts upon my husband on the occasion I have already told about. I arranged the sale of some of the stock Mr. Alsop had given me, and thus it came about that two days after the taxicab incident, on the very morning when I was due to step into the Washington express at my husband's side, I stepped, instead, upon the broken-down old steamer Uranium and was off to Rotterdam.

I shall never forget that trip. That was the first time I had ever gone anywhere with a very large sum of money in my possession, and I felt no regret that I had sacrificed one hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds. Happiness was so paramount with me just then that money was unconsidered.

Midway of the Atlantic I wired my husband, who until then had had no word from me. And that duty done, I sat down to play with him the best hide-and-seek game I had enjoyed since childhood. From Rotterdam I set out for Paris.

Here I stopped long enough to buy a reliable motor, the tonneau of which I packed full of trunks of new clothes. In Paris I also sent a telegram to the Hyde Park Hotel, London, where Mr. Alsop generally stayed. I figured that he would have arrived by then, and undoubtedly would be interested to find out in just what part of Europe his truant wife might be sojourning. A return wire begged me to remain in Paris till Mr. Alsop joined me.

This was exactly what I determined not to do. I had run away for a holiday; I had been a very bad child already, and my conscience told me that to stay away a little longer wouldn't be very much worse and would be very much more fun. Besides, it was not expedient for Mr. Alsop to find out I was on such friendly terms with the woman whom we each agreed had so sadly tempted him. The two must be kept apart.

Accordingly I arranged to be always one town ahead of Mr. Alsop, and to do this I scattered generous tips all over France, all the way from Paris to the south and then again far to the north in Normandy.

First of all, I remember stopping off in Vichy, not so far from Paris. We put up overnight at a small hotel and danced with friends we met there quite by chance. There was a sort of miniature carnival at Vichy that week, so of course we returned to the hotel well loaded with confetti, funny cornicopia caps and tinsel favors.

Any one may easily imagine my surprise when I returned to the hotel, long after 2, to behold my dear, respected husband in the lobby.

I started, and then I took heart of grace because the poor old dear was at his usual pastime—he was napping. I smiled at the sight. He was evidently having some trouble about rooms, for he sat surrounded by all his bags and even the steamer blanket, which he was accustomed to carry in a shawl strap. Benignly, beatifically Mr. Alsop was nodding. I felt at once the thrill of danger, so I crept across that hall on tiptoes, with my finger at my mouth, warning my party that the least noise would be fatal.

Poor Mr. Alsop in his dreams never knew how near his wife was to him then. Once I reached the stairs I was in my room and packing my bags in two minutes. We sent the sleepy maid to get a garage man to come under our window, and to him I signified that we must have the car at once, and that he was to drive it softly down the street to the hotel. Then I called for a ladder. We descended by means of that, while in front of the inn people brought out our trunks.

Then followed long minutes in which we had to wait till the automobile was loaded with our luggage. It seemed to me that it might be wise for me to reconnoitre. So, while my friend protested vehemently, I returned to the entrance to the hotel and peeped in. Mr. Alsop still sat among his luggage and still slept. I suppose the authorities had told him no room would be vacant till morning, and he had not wished to leave the hotel where he knew I was stopping. So, taking my courage in my hand, I tiptoed in. From the steps I picked up a huge bundle of variegated confetti which we had dropped in our sudden surprise on seeing Mr. Alsop.

This confetti I carefully draped all over my husband's luggage, with the result that he looked almost bridegroom-like. I then gently slipped a tissue paper cornicopia of pink down sideways over his soft felt hat and placed a tin horn in his left hand. Next I helped myself to his funny old steamer blanket in the shawl strap and departed. Of course, I only wanted the blanket because it looked so funny. I have often wondered since what Mr. Alsop thought when he finally awakened to see himself all bound round with a string of confetti and his shawl strap gone. He looked so funny with his sleeping dignity decorated in the spoils of the evening's dance.

On setting out from Vichy after my narrow escape I made up my mind I must be more careful in the future or I would certainly be caught. So I began a programme of consistently bribing every

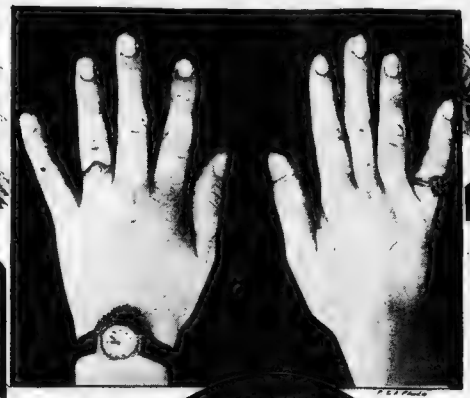
Continued on Page 14

What Next in Beauty Contests?

Teeth, Toes, Hands, Arms, Hair, Backbone and Ribs Have All Been Exhibited and Appraised in Beauty Contests---What Else Remains to Be Awarded Prizes?

Proud Possessor of inderella Feet.

Vera Olcott Recently Wins Prize for Possessing the Smallest and Most Shapely Feet at a Contest Held at the French Capitol. From the Looks of the Above Photograph Vera Likes to Show the Greater Part of Her Feet.



These Hands Considered Most Beautiful.

Photo Shows a Close-up of the Hands of Miss Mary Meeker, of Brooklyn, New York, Which Are Considered the Most Beautiful in America. They Are 6½ Inches Long and 3 Inches Wide. Dish-Washing Made Them Perfect, She Says.

The Most Beautiful Women of the Ital'an Riviera.

Countess Di Fillippi, Winner of a Beauty Contest in the Resorts of the Northern Mediterranean Coast.

There are men who have no eyes for anything but feet. Ever since the days of Cinderella, and before that, men have adored little feet in women. It is useless to say that little feet are signs of weakness and inferiority. The truth is that little feet are recognized by science as a characteristic of the ultra-feminine makeup, and men still admire extremely feminine women.

It must give a thrill of pride to Americans to hear that one of their country women, Miss Vera Olcott, has been awarded the prize for possessing the smallest and most [illegible] where men spend much of their time considering the [illegible] beauty, an American girl has carried away this prize over all competitors. Miss Olcott wears a No. 1 shoe. When she exhibits her feet and the exquisitely developed feature that accompany them, great assemblages are thrown into ecstasies.

Another American girl has won prize for possessing the finest [illegible] hair in the State of Texas. This honor was awarded to her in a contest at San Antonio, Texas, where her appearance on the bathing beach excited thrills of admiration.

This young American Venus has hair fifty-eight inches long. It is thick, rich, full and lustrous. As it streams down behind her, it forms a mantle of unsurpassed beauty and gracefulness. It is thick enough to strangle a man to death, as happened in the story of the ancient Greek siren, but as the owner of this hair is a sweet, young American girl, such an idea could hardly enter her head.

Science tells us that the possession of long, thick hair is more than an ornament to a woman, for it shows that she has abundant sources of vitality.

It is, unfortunately, not possible to mention or describe all the features for which prizes have been awarded. The teeth have naturally not been forgotten, for without fine teeth beauty cannot exist.

Mlle. Lucille Raceau has received the award for having the most beautiful teeth in Paris. There are teeth of many types, and most of these have some beauty. Mlle. Raceau's teeth, which are considered by experts the most charming kind, are small, well-rounded and a pinkish white in color. One enthusiast of beauty has said that if world be a pleasure to be bitten by them.

This brief outline of an interesting subject shows that the world is very eager to discover beauty wherever it can be found, and pay it the highest honors. Artists have told us the best hope of improving society lies in cultivating our love of beauty. If you love beauty you cannot endure a dirty street, a poor child in rags or a crooked politician. Will the beauty contests help on the right path?

Another Prize Winner. Parisian Beauty Wins in Contest for Most Beautiful Arms and Eyes in London.

Mlle Renee Saquin, Parisian Beauty, Recently Won the Prize for the Most Beautiful Arms and Eyes in London. The English People Are Fast Adopting the French Crazes, but Even Though There Was English Competition, This French Girl Won the Prize.

Photo Shows Mlle. Renee Saquin, Parisian Beauty, Who Recently Won a Contest for the Most Beautiful Arms and Eyes.

Venus Newly Risen from the Waves.

Venus Anadyomene, Queen of the Winter Bathing Beauties, at San Antonio, Returns from Communion With Father Neptune. No, the Draperied Mass Is Not a Veil of Moss, but Her Natural Home-Grown Raven Tresses, Which Measure 58 Inches in Length.

Blanche Newcombe, of Fastoria, Ohio. Winner of Contest.

(Photo by Charles Aylett, Toronto.)

Miss Blanche Newcombe, of Fastoria, Ohio, has won the first prize for the most beautiful back in America. It is of perfect modelling and proportions, with skin of exquisite texture and matchless purity, unspotted, unscarred, and softer than the finest silk.

Prizes are also offered to the girl who can show two charms of great perfection. In a recent beauty contest in London Mlle. Renee Saquin, of Paris, won the prize for having the most beautiful arms and eyes. She is beautiful in her entirety, but her arms and eyes are wonderful.

One of the most interesting contests was held to decide who has the prettiest hands in America. The prize went to Miss Mary Meeker, a pretty and clever Brooklyn girl.

Now, the hands of a person mean a great deal, probably more than the eyes or the hair and some other greatly admired features. It is our hands which in the course of ages have developed our brains by their skill and activity and have made us rulers of creation.

Therefore it is worth while to take a look at the shapely hands of Miss Meeker. They are 6½ inches long and 3 inches wide. They are also ivory tinted, graceful and strong.

The wrist measures 3 inches in circumference; the thumb is 2½ inches long; the fore-finger 2¾ inches; the second or middle finger, 3⅛ inches; the fourth finger, 2¾ inches, and the little finger 2¼ inches.

Perhaps the most attractive feature of this hand is the form of the fingers. They are long, slender and tapering and end in spatulate finger nails. This type of hand is at once artistic and capable.

A very surprising fact is that these beautiful hands were developed by washing dishes. This exercise is said to lengthen the fingers and strengthen the hand generally. The sweeping movement of the fingers around the circular edge of the plate develops a charming gracefulness that persists in all the actions of life.

"I am sure there is nothing like dish-washing for beautifying the hands," said little Miss Meeker.

We see a remarkable type in the Countess di Filippi, who has been awarded the prize as the most beautiful woman in the Winter resorts along the Italian Riviera.

Many of the richest, gayest and most beautiful people in the world assemble along this section of the Mediterranean shore, and their favorite pastime is observing and admiring beauty.

The Countess represents an aristocratic and high-born type. Her whole bearing suggests one who looks down on common humanity from a lofty realm of romance. In the matter of physical beauty her most admirable features are her neck and shoulders. We are able to enjoy an exceptionally full and pleasing view of the latter in her photograph. Her long, slender, graceful, yet powerful, neck has more than the beauty of a Greek marble column.

The Italians have been from the earliest ages the most passionate admirers of beauty among all the nations, and their instincts are to-day as strong as ever. There is in Venice a lady so beautiful that when she first appeared on the streets all the people stopped still, gazed with wondering admiration at her, and the business of the city came to a standstill. Her name is the Countess Morosini.

The municipality of Venice requested the Countess kindly to veil her face when she appeared in public, in order that business should not be hindered. In the innumerable beauty contests now going on in America there is evidence that we are becoming a nation of beauty lovers to the same degree as the Italians.

Lucille Raceau, Winner of the First Prize in the Most Beautiful Teeth Contest.

An Odd Contest Was Recently Held in Paris Looking for the Girl With the Most Beautiful Mouth and Teeth. Mlle. Lucille Raceau, Pictured in the Very Latest Fashion, Won First Prize. Her Beautiful Face and Teeth Are Much in Demand by the Leading Artists and Illustrators in Paris.

Photo Shows Mlle. Lucille Raceau, Winner of the Most Beautiful Teeth Contest Recently Held in Paris.

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Deafness

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums
"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears"

WILSON EAR DRUM CO. Incorporated
317 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY

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Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots—Use Othine.

OTHINE

GERMAN MAUSER

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25 cal.
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Latest model 6 shot automatic. Blue steel finish. Standard 25 cal. $11.95. Extra 32 cal. $12.95. Weight 15 oz. Length 5 1/2 in. Range 50 yds. Value at $16.25. Hand Ejector Revolver, 32 cal. $16.25. Brand new models. Guaranteed genuine imported. Pay on Delivery Plus Postage. SEND NO MONEY. Send for catalog, sold on easy payment plan.

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Advertisement.

Deaf Can Hear Says Science

New Invention Aids Thousands

Here's good news for all who suffer from deafness. The Dictograph Products Corporation announces the perfection of a remarkable device which has restored hearing to deaf persons who hear no sound whatever. The makers of this wonderful device say it is as much to expect you to believe this as they are going to ask you to believe it at first sight. They offer to send it for prepaid trial for a ten day free trial. They do not send it C. O. D.—they require no deposit—there is no obligation.

The Dictograph Products Corporation,
1360 Candler Building, New York,
220 West 42d Street.

Send descriptive literature and full details about your free trial offer.

The Golden Siren

By Marjorie Bowen

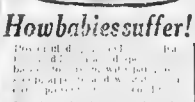
Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

W

CHAPTER IV.

F

How babies suffer!



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Breed Hares for Us

WE PAY $7 to $25

GUARANTEED CONTRACT.

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for over eighty years has relied upon Gouraud's Oriental Cream to keep the skin and complexion in perfect condition through the stress of the season's activities. White Flesh-Rachel.

Send 10c for Trial Size
FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, New York

Gouraud's
Oriental Cream

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy Aspirin

Save Your Body!

Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First
"I Would Not Part with It for $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

Overcomes WEARNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. You widow erect, graceful figure. Brings restful sleep, comfort, energy to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free At Our Expense

Don't sway or thrust out a shoulder, roll head up and backward, nor assume any other position to keep shoulders square. Wear it under any gown, coat and you have perfect backache, curvature, stoop, nervousness, nervousness, constipation all relieved like magic. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for free illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

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Pres. Natural Body Brace Co.
175 Rash Bldg., Salina, Kan.

For Boys and Girls Also

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CLEAR YOUR SKIN

If you suffer from pimples, acne, blackheads, fiery spots or eruptions I want to send you my simple home treatment on 30 days' trial. Write in case no soft, velvety, smooth and radiant complexion, and expect things of men and women after everything else failed. Simply send name for generous 10-day trial offer of my New Home treatment.

W. H. WARREN,
432 Gray Building, Kansas City, Mo.

CHAPTER V.

B

Advertisement.

Deafness Is Misery

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Suite 64, 70 5th Av., New York City

SEND NO MONEY FOR THESE AUTOMATICS

Military Model Automatic

$9.50

A Mere Glance
32 Cal. 20 "
With Silencer
Extra Price

25 Cal. Short Cartridge
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32 Cal. Short
38 Cal. Short
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38 Cal. Hand Ejector
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32 20 or 38 Cal. Hand Ejector
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Brand New Guns

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK
Pay Postman Our Price Plus Postage

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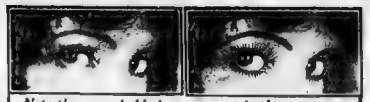

Note the remarkable improvement in the same eyes

The Miracle of Maybelline
Makes Every Face More Beautiful

A touch of MAYBELLINE works beauty wonders. Scant eyebrows [illegible]

75c at Your Dealer's

or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine MAYBELLINE and [illegible] NOW at [illegible]

MAYBELLINE CO., 4160 Sheridan Road, Chicago

Free of Vexing Hair!

Leaves the skin so smooth—and soothed!

It costs you nothing unless you are perfectly [illegible]

Hanibal Pharmacal Co., 631 Olive St. Louis, Mo.

Neet

Removes hair harmlessly

Delicate "difficult" colors—weaves that are chiffon-thin

now the most fragile underwear and stockings can be made to last - -

YOU never even hesitated when you saw the shimmery things—the stockings just the color of rosy amber, sent by Paris for evening wear—the ravishing undervest and step-in of that newest shade of all, mountain haze. No, you didn't hesitate—you bought them at once.

Once you would have passed them by. But now you know they can be made to last, no matter how perishable.

Just by washing them in Lux. Lux is so pure it won't harm the most fragile of your underthings.

Perspiration ruins delicate fabrics

After every wearing toss your dainty underthings, your stockings, in a light Lux suds—to free them from all trace of perspiration. Perspiration, you know, actually disintegrates silk and even sturdy cottons and linens are weakened by its attacks.

Lux quickly frees your garments from every hint of this harmful acid.

Not once but any number of times you can wash your underwear and stockings in these safe suds—without fear of harming them. Lux won't even shrink them—won't fade them. If they are safe in water they are safe in Lux.

Send today for free booklet in color, "How to Launder Silks, Woolens, Fine Cottons and Linens." Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 131, Cambridge, Mass.

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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For Your Hot Bath.
A HANDFUL of common salt thrown into a hot bath relieves fatigue, and often helps to break up or prevent a cold.

The Golden Siren By Marjorie Bowen

(Continued from Page 10)

One's Eyes Never Have a Vacation

Murine Eye Remedy Co.
Dept. 20, Chicago

MURINE
For Your EYES

Beautiful Hair and Complexion
Are Within the Reach of All

If your hair is dull, stiff, gummy, and the scalp incrusted, try a JAP ROSE Soap shampoo.

For a lovely complexion, JAP ROSE gently cleanses the tiny pores of the skin and permits them to breathe, resulting in a skin of radiant loveliness.

Worth a Dollar—Costs a Dime

If you cannot get JAP ROSE from your dealer, just enclose a dime and mail the coupon.

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Name _____

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$2 Brings This Genuine Diamond RING for 10 Days FREE TRIAL

FREE PEARLS

Resembles $750. Solitaire
No Red Tape
No Delay

SET IN PLATINUM MOST SENSATIONAL RING OFFER EVER MADE

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

FREE "ROYALTON" PEARLS

SEND ONLY $2.00 AND RING AND PEARLS GO TO YOU IN A HANDSOME GIFT BOX. CHARGE PAID. A WRITTEN GUARANTEE BOND AS TO QUALITY AND VALUE. MONEY BACK IF NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED. YOU PAY BALANCE A MONTH FOR 10 MONTHS. PRICE ONLY $19.85.

FREE BOOK OF GEMS

FREE PEARLS

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
170 Broadway-New York

5 Room House $538

Not Portable

You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the mill complete and save 1/3 to 1/2 profits on the other 2 hands. Lumber and labor.

Price quoted includes

Houses, Cottages, Bungalows

The ALADDIN CO. BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
Also Mills and Offices at Wilmington, North Carolina, Portland, Oregon, Toronto, Ontario.

VERONICA WATER
"The Water Way to Health"
HAS BEEN used and prescribed by physicians for over thirty years for
CONSTIPATION
INDIGESTION
RHEUMATISM
LIVER and BLADDER TROUBLES
In "Splits" and in the big 1-3 gal. bottles at all druggists
VERONICA SPRINGS COMPANY
SANTA BARBARA, California.

BIG BARGAIN
Summer COOL Dress
of CHIFFON Organdie & KING "TUT"
Egyptian Crepe
Latest Style Long Panels
ONLY $3.49 On Arrival
$10 Value

Send no Money
Fred'k M. Dunham & Co., DEPT. 708 CHICAGO

Summer colds

often mean a painful, congested chest. Apply Sloan's Liniment gently without rubbing, and feeling, stimulating warmth breaks up the congestion, starts the blood circulating, relieves distress in Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Asthma. Also a most valuable remedy for Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Sore Muscles and Stiff Joints. Keep it handy—the soreness and pain are gone. Get a bottle from your druggist today - 35 cents.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Are YOU Satisfied

Elizabeth Towne
Editor of Nautilus

"The Gist of New Thought"

Hands! Thousands of hands, understanding hands, do the skilful work of finishing this remarkable hosiery. And that is one reason why it has long mileage endurance.

Almost human are the long rows of fascinating machines that weave brilliant and sturdy fabrics in our great and modern factories. But for the painstaking work of finishing fine hosiery there is no device that can take the place of the skilful human hand. Hand-finished! Phoenix has become the standard hosiery of the world for men, women and children, because brains and hands are most happily co-ordinated in giving to it that long mileage endurance and tenacious elegance.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

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Frostilla

FRAGRANT LOTION

To keep your skin cool, comfortable and attractive

Make your own Beauty Clay at home —for a few cents

Here is a formula for a wonderful Beauty Clay which you can mix up very quickly in your own home, and it costs but a few cents. The thousands of women who have tried it praise it enthusiastically

Go to your druggist and procure a bottle of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion, a bottle of Peroxide of Hydrogen and a small package of Fuller's Earth. Then mix the following:

7 level teaspoonfuls of Fuller's Earth (1 oz.)
2 teaspoonfuls of Peroxide of Hydrogen
Frostilla Fragrant Lotion in sufficient quantity to make a smooth paste. Do not make the paste too "watery" or it will not stick to the skin.

How to Use It

1. Go over the face with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion
2. Apply the Beauty Clay, covering the face, nose and neck
3. Allow the Beauty Clay to thoroughly dry.
4. Wash off with warm water
5. Go over the face again with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion, dry, then powder

It is so easy to keep your skin cool, comfortable and attractive with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. There is nothing more soothing to the skin, nothing easier or more enjoyable to use—no stickiness or greasiness—for it contains not one drop of oil. It is ideal for hot weather.

Summer brings many skin enemies which should be guarded against daily with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion, or the skin will protect itself by becoming permanently coarse and rough. There is the sun which burns; the wind, which dries; hard water, which roughens; dust, which causes blackheads.

For fifty years Frostilla Fragrant Lotion has been used in representative homes. Its delightful fragrance is one of its most distinctive features—a blend of perfumes from many rare flowers.

When You Swim

Take Frostilla Fragrant Lotion with you to the beach. Use it before swimming and several times during the day to prevent that fiery torture of sunburn.

It is really marvelous how quickly Frostilla Fragrant Lotion takes the "fire" and soreness out of a badly sunburned skin and leaves a feeling of perfect relief and coolness.

When You Motor

After motoring, when your muscles are tired and drawn and your skin is dry and tight, bathe your face with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. Note how quickly your nerves relax and all smart from the wind disappears.

Before Powdering

To eliminate unnecessary powdering and make your powder go on more smoothly and leave a real natural appearance, use Frostilla Fragrant Lotion as a foundation. It never reappears in a shine.

The Magic of Your Hands

Beautiful hands can add so much to your charm. In these servantless days, when so many women are forced to do their own housework, keep Frostilla Fragrant Lotion in your kitchen. Make it a lovely cooling habit to smoothe and whiten your hands after each washing.

When Your Skin Is Chafed

Outdoor sports and hot weather so often bring chafing and soreness. Bathe the irritated skin with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion and mark the cooling relief.

Comfort After Shaving

It isn't much fun shaving in hot weather, but if you will go over your face with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion after the lather is washed off you'll soon know true skin comfort

If your beard is wiry and tough, pour a few drops of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion on the wet, soapy brush and work in with the lather.

After a Depilatory

Is there any woman in this day and age who does not use some kind of a depilatory? It is a social necessity. To stop irritation and redness after removing the superfluous hair, bathe the under arms with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion.

There are many other uses for Frostilla Fragrant Lotion which will increase the comfort of all members of the family this summer.

It cools and rests tired, hot feet. After the bath it is excellent as a rubdown. On baby's tender skin, to prevent prickly heat and irritation of any kind, it is recommended by many doctors and nurses.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is for sale everywhere in the United States and Canada—regular price 35 cents. If, however, your dealer is out of it or you have any trouble obtaining it, order direct from us. The Frostilla Company (Established 1873), Elmira, New York. Selling representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York. For Australasia and Sydney

Beware

There is only one Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. Beware of imitations. It was introduced in 1873. At that time it was called "Holmes' Fragrant Frostilla," but to protect you and us against unscrupulous imitators we changed the name to "Frostilla Fragrant Lotion." It is, however, the same product the same formula and is made by the same company as always.

The Tragedy of My Life as "An Old Man's Darling"

(Continued from Double Page)

Make Men Admire and Women Envy the lustrous beauty of your hair

USE Hennafoam Shampoo—the finishing touch of Hennafoam shampoo.

HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO is a pure, penetrating liquid that gives the hair the lustre and beauty that Hennafoam Shampoo will give. Hennafoam Shampoo will make dull hair glow and sparkle.

Let the pure, vegetable oil in Hennafoam Shampoo cleanse your hair.

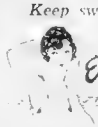
Let the tinkling henna set the lights in the coronet of your hair

50¢ a bottle at Drug Stores and Perfume Counters

Hennafoam SHAMPOO

"Makes the hair glisten"

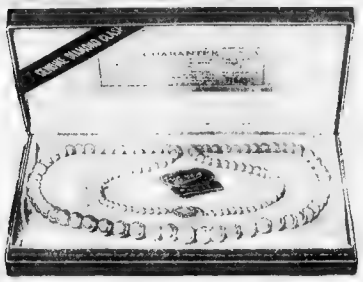
Keep sweet with



Eversweet

The Dainty Deodorant

EVERSWEET CO., 62 Cliff St., New York
Dept. AW-14



SENSATIONAL OFFER

Genuine LaVega Pearls

Solid Gold, Diamond Clasp, only—$4.83

Regular Retail Cost Price $15.00

Williams & Co., 4750-54 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

Freckles

Quickly removed or money refunded that's the guarantee behind Stillman's Freckle Cream

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

The Stillman Co. of Buffalo, N.Y.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Essex Coach and Ford Auto FREE!

This is your chance to own an auto. The easiest snap that ever came your way. This offer is almost too good to be true. Just To Advertise My Business

WHO WANTS EITHER OF THESE CARS?

Costs Nothing to Investigate You run no risk—you have nothing to lose. Just write me at once—just as soon as you finish reading this announcement. Don't even send a two-cent stamp. Send your name and address and I will know what you want. Be sure to write giving address in full. Be prompt and you will be driving a car soon before you can realize it.

AUTOMOBILE BUREAU DEPT. 102, BATAVIA, ILLINOIS

After meals

Use Beeman's—an aid to digestion, good for the teeth, good for the nerves—in every way

"a sensible habit"

Deliciously flavored

BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum

American Chicle Co.

When Making Pastry. PASTRY should be rolled lightly so that the air may not be pressed out of it.

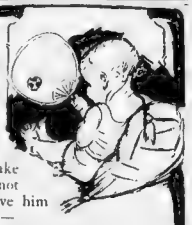
For Iron-Mold. FOR the eradication of iron-mold there is nothing better than salts of lemon.

Direct from tea garden to teapot

LIPTON'S TEA

Largest Sale in the World

Your Baby Needs Extra Care In Hot Weather



In hot weather it is more important than ever to have baby's food exactly right. Take no chances. If you cannot nurse him yourself give him the safe food for babies—

NESTLÉ'S MILK FOOD

For over fifty years mothers have been keeping their babies well and happy with Nestle's even in the hottest weather. Nestle's is a complete food—made from the milk of healthy cows. The curds have been broken up and made soft and fleecy so that baby can not tell the difference from mother's milk. It is in powdered form and *cannot sour.*

FREE SAMPLE—Name ____ Address ____ City ____ Nestle's Food Co., Dept. 10, 130 William Street, New York

WITH *this new kind of soap—soaking takes the place of rubbing*

Here is a new kind of soap with more cleansing power than bar soap. A soap so rich in thick cleansing suds that with it simply soaking takes the place of rubbing.

Just soaking in the wonderful Rinso suds safely and gently loosens all the dirt. You rinse out the clothes and the loosened dirt just washes right out!

On those grimiest places where you used to do your hardest rubbing—neck bands, cuff edges, hems, knees and seats of rompers—you will need now just a little light rubbing with a bit of dry Rinso.

The beauty of it is that you don't have to change your way of washing. No matter how you do your washing, Rinso makes it easier. It is perfect for washing machines. It is just as fine for boiling. And it's wonderful just for soaking alone in regular stationary tubs.

Use it in place of bar soap. That's what Rinso is for. It banishes forever all that *hard rubbing* that used to wear both you and your clothes to shreds.

Rinso is made by the same soapmakers who make Lux, the largest soapmakers in the world. You will find it at all grocers' and department stores in the regular size and the big new package. **Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.**

Use this new soap—instead of bar soap for the regular family wash

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Butter for Sandwiches.

WHEN making a lot of sand- wiches, if the butter is ... to a bowl containing ... sufficiently to re- ... no more, the ... unit turning ... and will spread more ...

Towels with Colored Stripes.

TOWELS with colored stripes ... should not be washed until ... they have first been soaked over ... in salt and cold water. Wash ...

For the Teapot.

IF a ... is put in a ... it will ... boiling ...

To Restore Scorched Flannel

S...

Try Bathasweet in your bath!

Perfumes the water and makes it soft as rain water.

BATHASWEET

25c, 50c, $1, at Drug and Dept. Stores. Mail direct on receipt of price by mail. C. S. WELCH CO., Dept. A, New York

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Baked Apple Sauce, Dried Beef Omelet, Toast, Coffee Substitute	Red Raspberries, Bread Crumb Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream, Coffee, Ham-bacon Corn Pancakes with Maple Syrup	Cantaloupe, Milk Toast with Poached Eggs, Cakes, Ham-bacon Stuffed Peppers (Green Corn), Apple Muffins, Butter, Chocolate Junket, Dinner	Oatmeal, Top Milk, Potato Bacon Pepper Hash, Toast, Coffee, Lunch, Sour Milk Corn Cake, Currant Jelly, Iced Cocoa, Dinner, Cold Lamb, Creamed Potatoes, Buttered Asparagus, Red Cabbage Salad, Peach Meringue		Bacon and Prunes, Cereal, Omelet, Toast, Coffee, Lunch, Welsh Rarebit, Bread and Butter, Cocoa, Dinner, Cream of Celery Soup, Roast Beef, Creamed Potatoes, Buttered Asparagus, Lettuce Salad, Cottage Pudding, Coffee	Peaches, Breakfast Bacon, Creamed Potatoes, Cereal Puffs, Coffee, Dinner, Cold Roast Beef, Lyonnaise Potatoes, Creamed Gravy, Asparagus Canada, Baked Onions, Lettuce Salad, Ginger Ale, Tutti Frutti Ice Cream, Molded Brown Rice, Rich Milk
Baked Apple Sauce, Dried Beef Omelet, Toast, Coffee Substitute, Luncheon Egg Plant, Luncheon Style Quick Sally Lunn, Iced Fruit Juice, Dinner Vegetable Pie, Cucumber Jelly Salad, Apricot Ice,	Prunes in Orange Jelly, Dinner Hamburg Steak Brown Gravy, Steamed Rice, Baked Beets with Lemon Juice, Green Peas, Steamed Huckleberry Pudding, Hard Sauce,	Milk, Sauted Carrots, Buttered String Beans, Grape Italian Sherbet,	Dinner Baked Ham in Milk, Sauted Carrots, Buttered String Beans, Grape Italian Sherbet,		Lunch Welsh Rarebit, Bread and Butter, Cocoa, Dinner Cream of Celery Soup, Roast Beef, Creamed Potatoes, Buttered Asparagus, Lettuce Salad, Ginger Ale, Tutti Frutti Ice Cream,	Dinner Cold Roast Beef, Lyonnaise Potatoes, Creamed Gravy, Asparagus Canada, Baked Onions, Lettuce Salad, Ginger Ale, Tutti Frutti Ice Cream,

Tested Cooking Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann, Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking

Baked Beets With Lemon Sauce.

WASH young ... rub them lightly with bacon drippings. Bake in a ... oven about 1½ hours. Dip them in cold water, rub off the skins and slice the beets, measure and to 1 cup of the thinly sliced beets add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste.

Corn Filling

COOK gently 2½ cups ... scraped corn pulp ... cup milk about ... minutes, ... Season to ... salt, pepper and butter ...

Broiled Tomatoes With Horseradish Sauce.

WASH and skin medium ... tomatoes. Cut in ... crosswise, sprinkle with salt and pepper, brush with melted butter and broil about 8 minutes. Have ready some pieces of toast, that a piece of ... may be placed under ... Arrange on a hot ... and pour around the ... Sauce.

Vegetable Pie.

HAVE ready about 1½ ... cold sliced raw potato ... cooked to ... cups ... Arrange a layer of ... in the bottom of a deep ... dish, and then arrange ... layers of the potatoes ... onions, seasoning each ... with salt and pepper. Sprinkle over the whole pork ... onions slightly with water ... cook, cover and bake ... oven ... hour ...

Reduce Your Flesh in Spots

Arms, Legs, Bust, Double Chin ... Without Diet or Exercise

DR. WALTERS RUBBER GARMENTS

Dr. Jeanne A. W. Walter 189 5th Ave., New York

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

10c and 25c Packages Everywhere

Sterno Canned Heat

ONLY 25c for Complete Stove

Including handy extinguisher and can of Sterno Canned Heat — great for camping, motoring, fishing, hiking, picnics, etc. Equally useful at home. Cook with it, heat water, warm baby's milk. Thousands of uses. This handy sheet steel folding stove weighs only 8 ounces. Folds flat. Lives in it instantly. Can be had either from your dealer or direct. SEND THIS AD and 25c to the Sterno Corporation, 9 East 37th Street, New York City, Dept. 15, and we will send you this stove promptly.

STERNO Canned Heat

The Daily Fuel of a Thousand Uses

Be prepared for the summer vacation. Ask to see one of these stoves at your dealer's.

ZIP

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Zip is destructive to the growth of superfluous hair. It gently lifts up the roots. Odorless. Not a depilatory or shaving. Merely pulls hair right out. Painless. For an instant demonstration at my salon

Write for free book MADAME BERTHE 562 5th Ave. (45th) New York.

Gray Hair Unnecessary

As I Have Proved

FREE Trial Bottle Tells the Story

MAIL COUPON TODAY

FREE TRIAL COUPON

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. If You Can Tell It From a Genuine Diamond Send It Back

Wear a CORODITE Diamond 5 Days FREE

SEND NO MONEY

E. RICHWINE CO. 19 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 1-T Chicago, Ill.

The Golden Siren

(Continued from Page 12)

... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]

Gray Hair Conquered
By this Clean Colorless Liquid

A Scientific Discovery That Has Restored Youthful Appearance to Thousands

A True Substitute for the Lost Color

Results in a Week

"Isn't it astonishing?"

"What will happen next?"

"Is gray hair to become a thing of the past?"

Such questions as these have been asked over and over again ever since it was announced that a scientist had discovered a liquid which, although colorless itself, would restore the original color to gray hair.

It actually seemed unbelievable at first, but the experience of people everywhere has proved that the seemingly impossible has been accomplished.

This now famous preparation, which is known as Kolor-Bak, has actually given us the means to baffle the effects of Time. Many a woman whose graying hair was beginning to make her look "too old" for the gaieties of the younger set, and many a man whose grayness threatened to keep him from promotion or from employment suited to his ability, have taken years from their appearance with this clean, colorless liquid.

There is really no excuse for anyone to be gray when there is such an easy way to keep the hair from showing even the slightest change in color. The secret of Kolor-Bak is told below. If you are growing gray, here is news that will interest you.

How Long Will You Endure Grayness When You Can Banish It So Easily?

If you have been allowing gray hair to get the best of you—if you have accepted grayness as something inevitable, something you can't help—it's time to look about you and see what Science has done for people like you.

If you could only know how many of the people who "never seem to grow old" owe their youthful appearance to Kolor-Bak, you would realize what a truly remarkable preparation it is, and you would not wonder at the thought of gray hair becoming a thing of the past.

And if you could talk to any of the multitude of people who have been through the experience of seeing their hair turn gray, and who then have seen it return to its original color—even to the exact same shade—under the touch of Kolor-Bak, you would soon find that there is no reason for concern about your grayness; and you would take this easy way to conquer it.

Scientists tell us that hair becomes gray because—through age, illness, shock or disease—the tiny cells in the scalp, called follicles, whose business it is to supply the pigment or coloring matter to the hair, have become inactive. They no longer produce this pigment, and, naturally, the hair must suffer—it must turn gray.

Preparations of every sort have been and are sold for the purpose of restoring the lost color. Some are merely colored dyes or stains. Others have been represented as having the power to replace the pigment by revitalizing the follicles—but the claims put forth for these preparations have no foundation in scientific fact. They are known to be false by scientific men, who have investigated all the methods generally in use. They are known to be false by those who have used these compounds with unsatisfactory results.

The discovery of Kolor-Bak came as a revelation to the multitudes who had turned to ordinary preparations in the hope of restoring the lost color, and who so many times had found that promises were not fulfilled by performance.

They realized that at last a real substitute for the vanished pigmentation had been discovered. No matter what the cause of the grayness, it is simply amazing to see the results when Kolor-Bak is used.

It doesn't make any difference what the former color was—brown, black, red, blonde, etc.—this one clean, colorless liquid will restore it. No need whatever for a special formula for each shade of hair. Several people whose hair was originally of different colors could use the same bottle of Kolor-Bak, and could see the color return exactly as it was in the past.

Kolor-Bak also gives beauty to the hair, a renewed gloss, silky texture and luxuriant appearance. The hair does not look dyed or dyed—the color is uniform throughout. Results appear in a week.

My Hair Was Quite Gray

Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming thin. It was falling out. My hair is restored and looks appeared. Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak were necessary. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is the fact that my hair is restored to its natural color. I look many years younger. No words can express how so thankful for Kolor-Bak

(A type of testimonial)

Banishes Dandruff, Relieves Itching Scalp, Stops Falling Hair

Not only does Kolor-Bak restore the original color to the hair, it is a tonic and cleansing lotion on hair and scalp. It banishes dandruff and keeps the pores from becoming clogged with dirt and scale, and gives the hair a delightful sense of cleanliness. Itching stops, and if the hair has been falling out the falling soon ceases. Kolor-Bak is not mussy, sticky or greasy. It is as easy to use as water.

Amazing Results Reported

Kolor-Bak has proved its remarkable value for people of all ages and for every color and shade of hair.

From everywhere come words like these: "It restored the natural color to my hair." "My hair was perfectly white—the color it was when young." "My hair began to turn natural color in twelve days." "Am 60 years old. Hair was gray. Now brown as in youth." "Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice, even brown, and dandruff all gone." "My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak stopped it and put it in fine condition."

Send for Trial Offer

To give you the fairest opportunity to learn by actual experience what Kolor-Bak will do, we are making a trial offer, particulars of which will be sent on request, or you can get Kolor-Bak, with our money-back guarantee, at your dealer's.

No matter what you have used—unless you have already tried Kolor-Bak—you have not found the truly effective way to restore the vanished color. Of course, you will want to compare this remarkable method with other preparations. We want you to see the difference between Kolor-Bak and anything else you have tried, and we want you to make the comparison at our risk. All that we can say—convincing as it may be—means nothing beside an actual test of Kolor-Bak.

Don't put this off a day. Send the coupon, which will bring not only the Trial Offer, but also our valuable book on Care of the Hair—Free.

No need to furnish a sample of your hair, as the one clean Kolor-Bak solution is for all hair, regardless of former color. Mail the coupon to Hygienic Laboratories, 204 S. Peoria St., Dept. 831, Chicago, Ill.

Canadian customers supplied from our Canada laboratory.

KOLOR-BAK

NOW AT ALL DRUG STORES and DRUG DEPARTMENTS—THE WORLD OVER

Hygienic Laboratories
204 S. Peoria Street
Dept. 831 **Chicago, Ill.**

Please send your Free Offer on Kolor-Bak and your Free Book on Care of the Hair and Scalp.

Name .....

Address .....

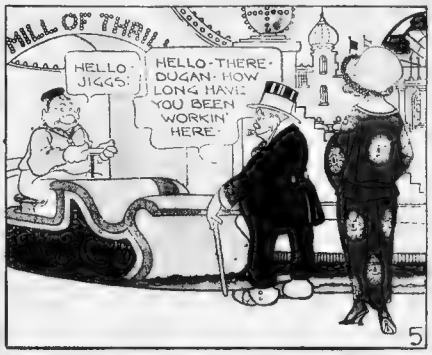
8 PAGE COLOR COMIC SECTION

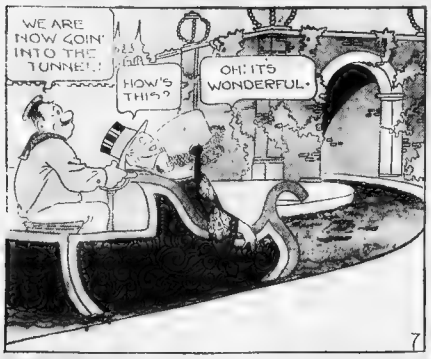
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

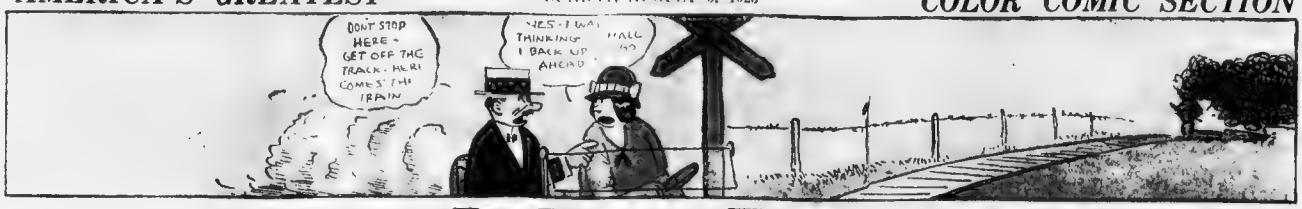
SUNDAY, AUGUST 5, 1923

8 PAGE COLOR COMIC SECTION

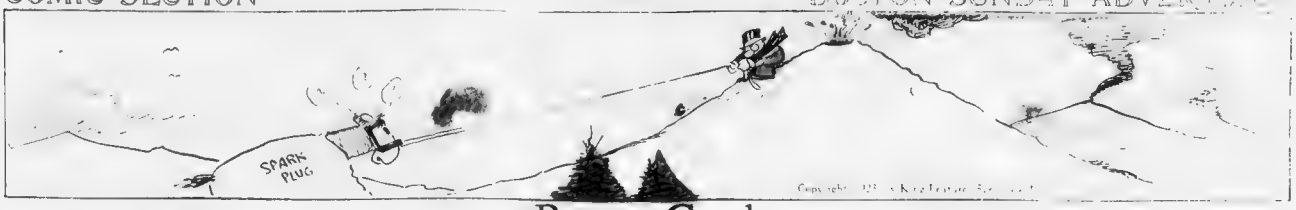
Bringing Up Father





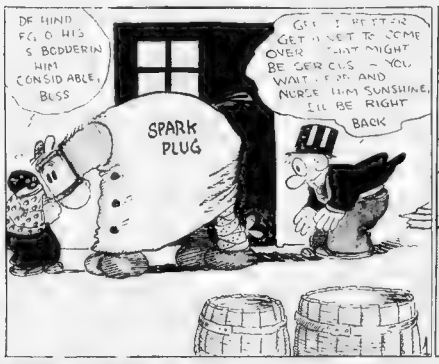


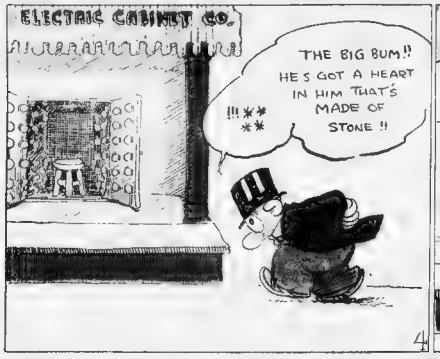
For Better or Worse

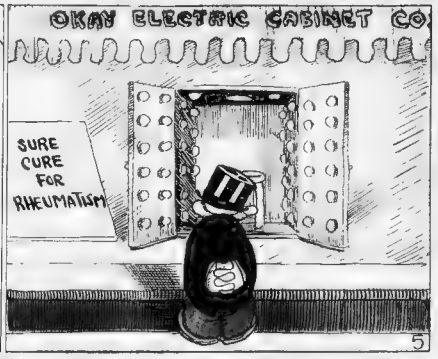


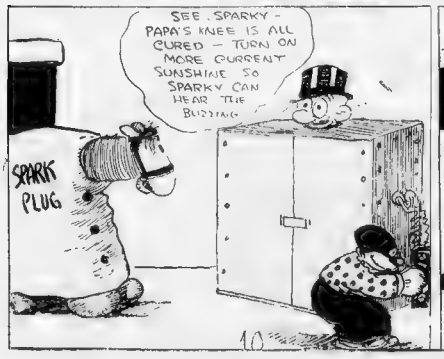
Barney Google

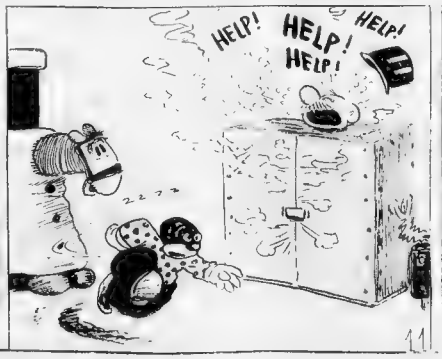
Registered U. S. Patent Office



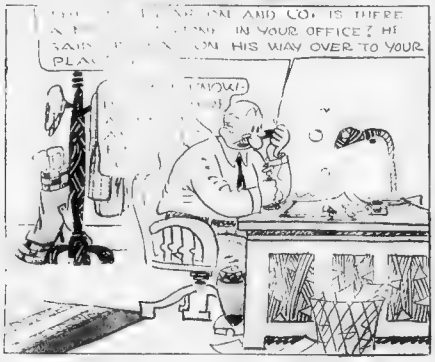


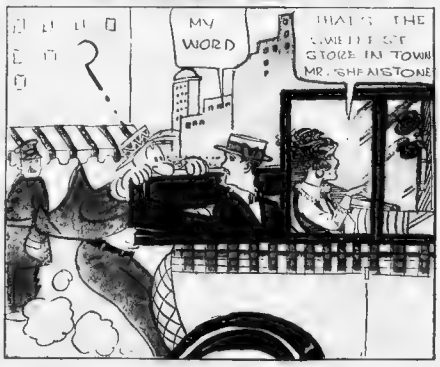


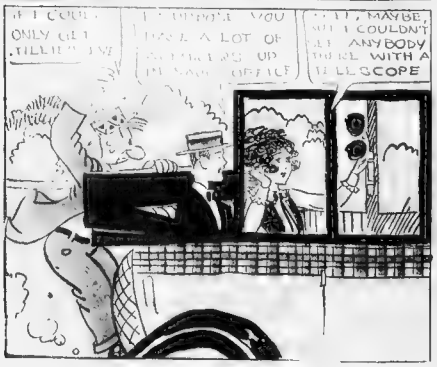




Tillie the Toiler







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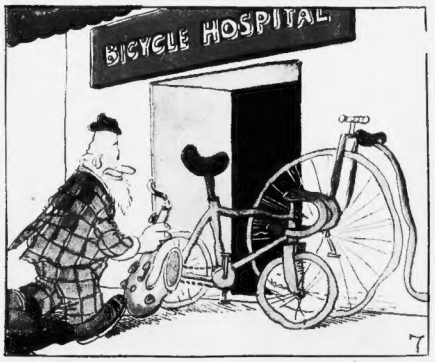
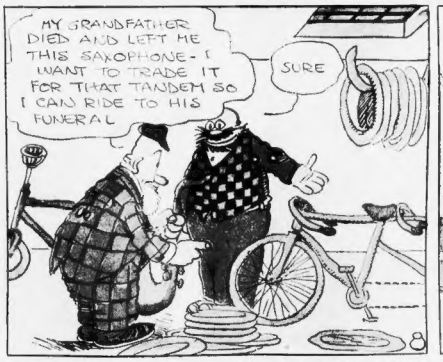
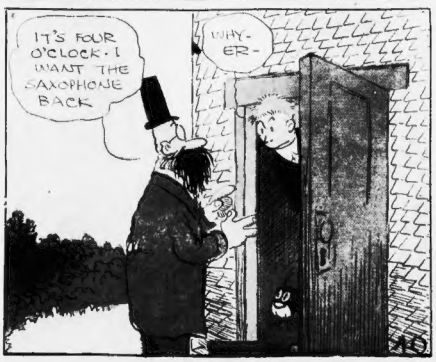
Boob McNutt







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Happy Hooligan

Polly—Ashur's a Speed Marvel When It Comes to Holding a Job

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The Katzenjammer Kids